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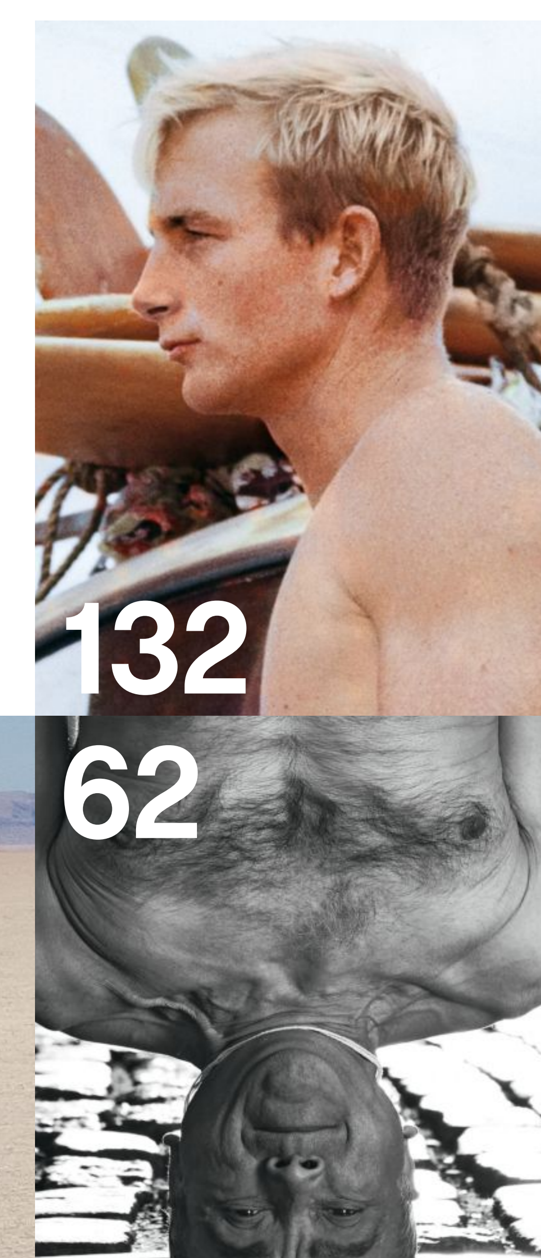
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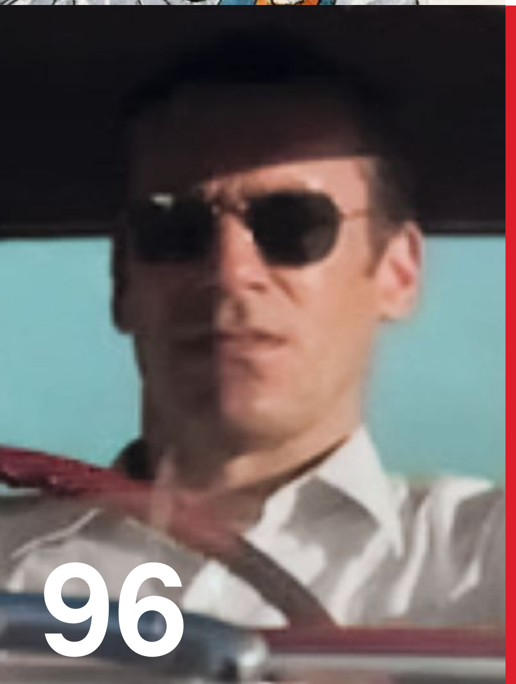




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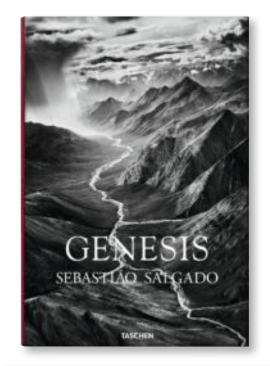


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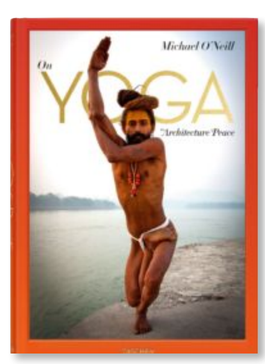
Celebrities share their recommendations





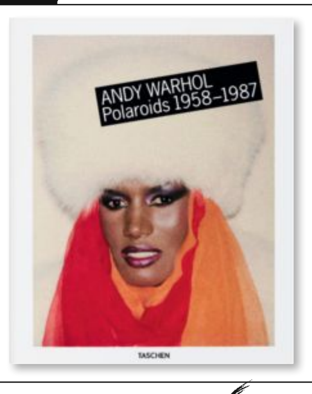
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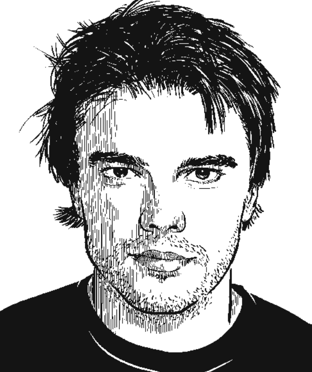




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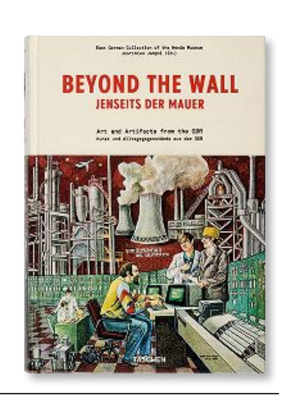
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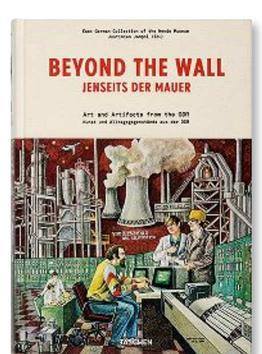
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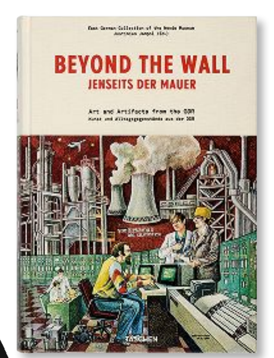


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"*Beyond the Wall* captures a world that changed all of us—from the dark days of the Cold War to its jubilant end. The pages in between express the fear, hope, loss, passion, and love of people."



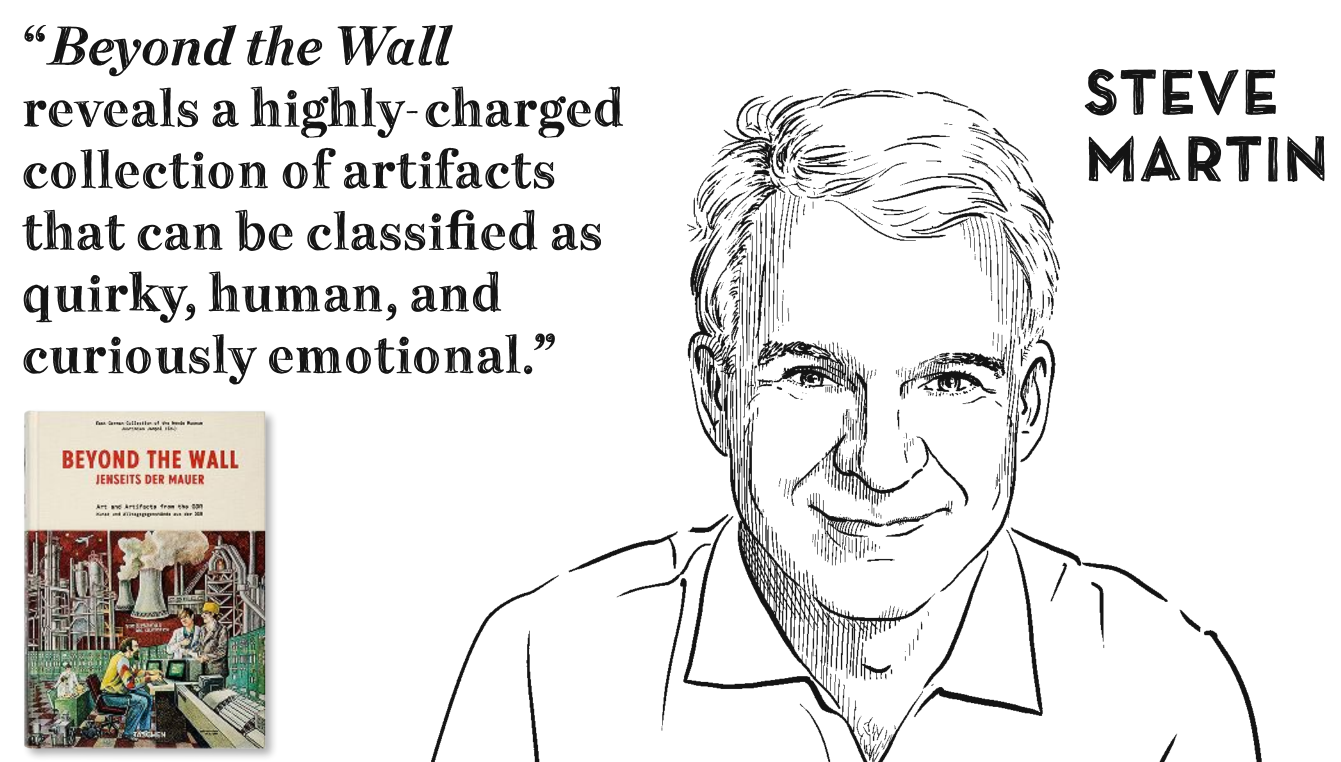




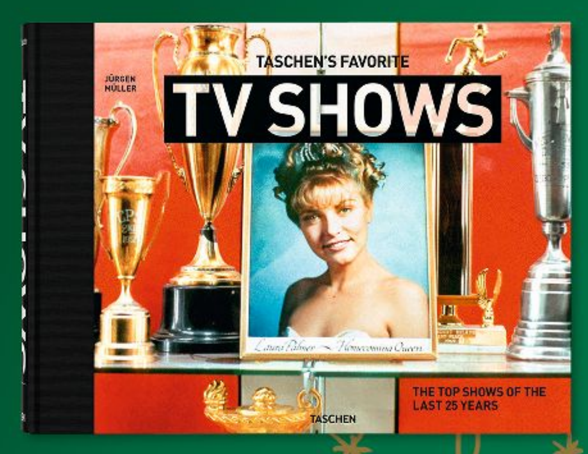
"*Beyond the Wall* presents an amazing historical snapshot of a country and culture that no longer exists. As the only book on our coffee table, it always gets picked up by guests who are instantly intrigued. Anyone can find something fascinating in the book, whether or not you're already a history buff."

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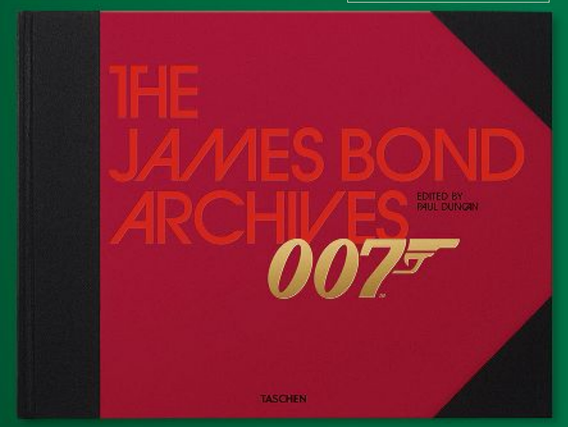




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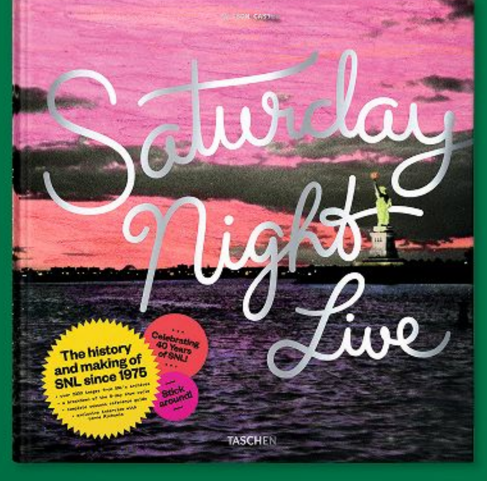
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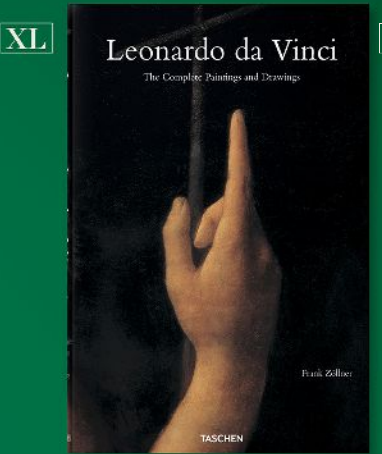
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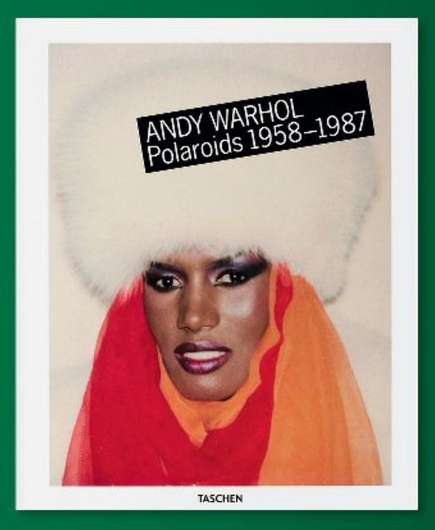




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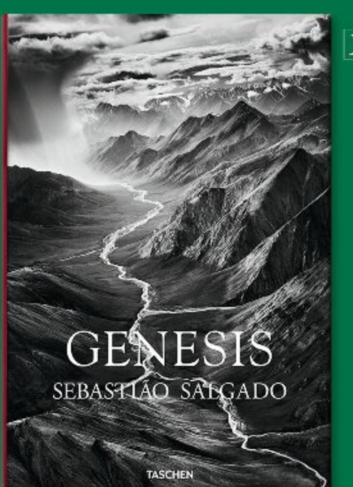
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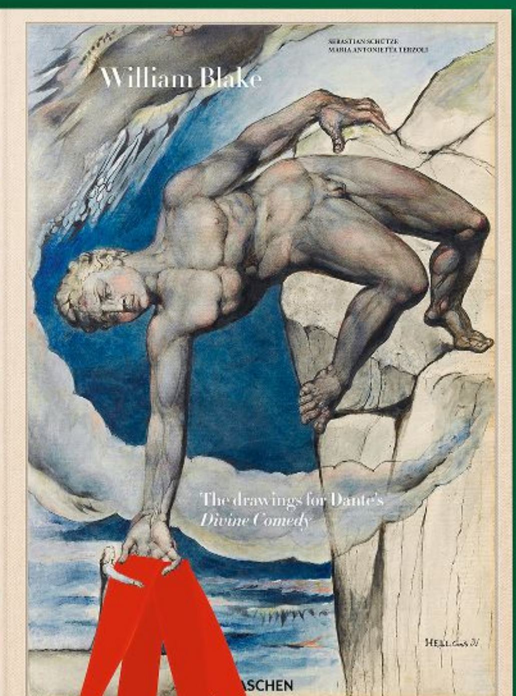
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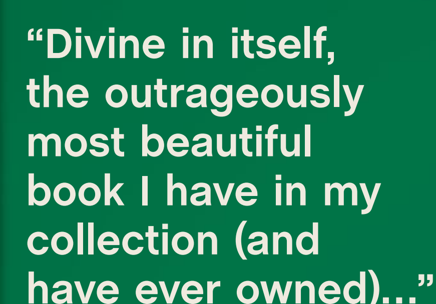


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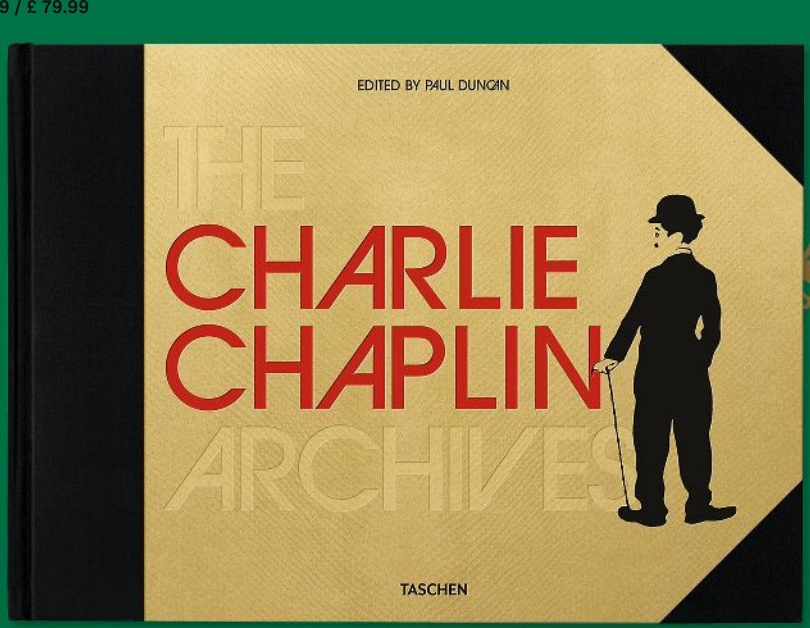


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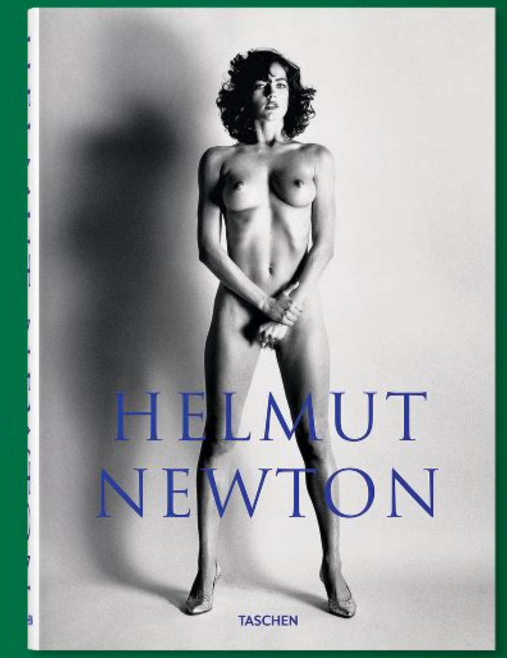
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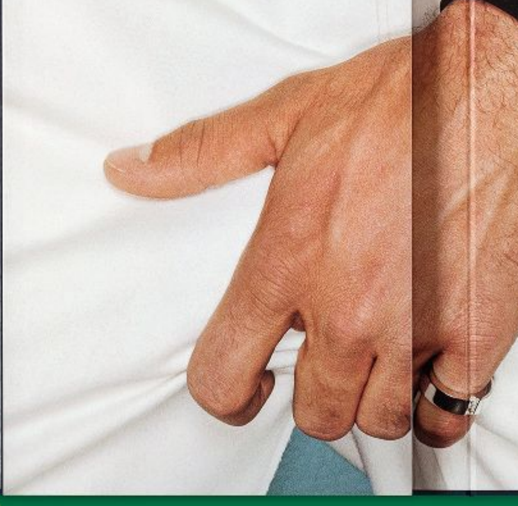
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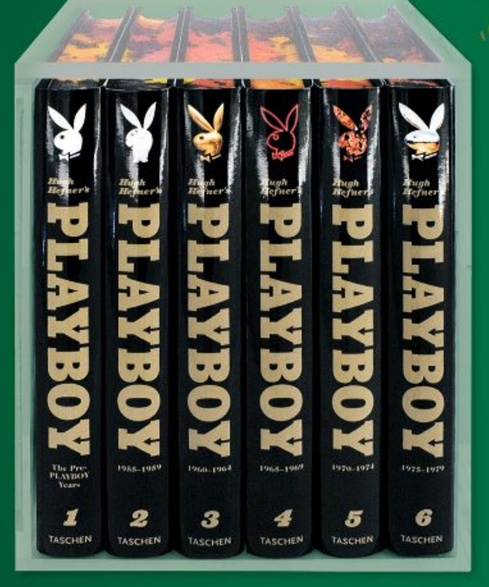

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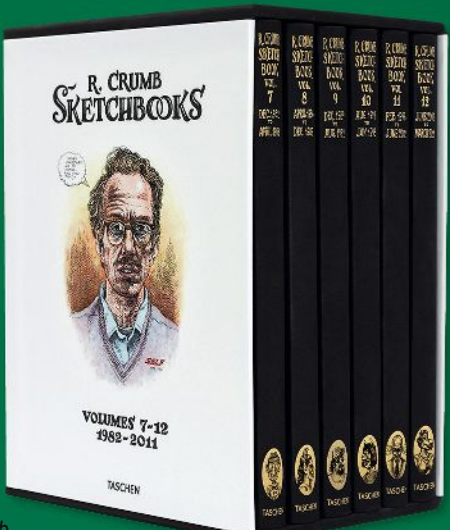
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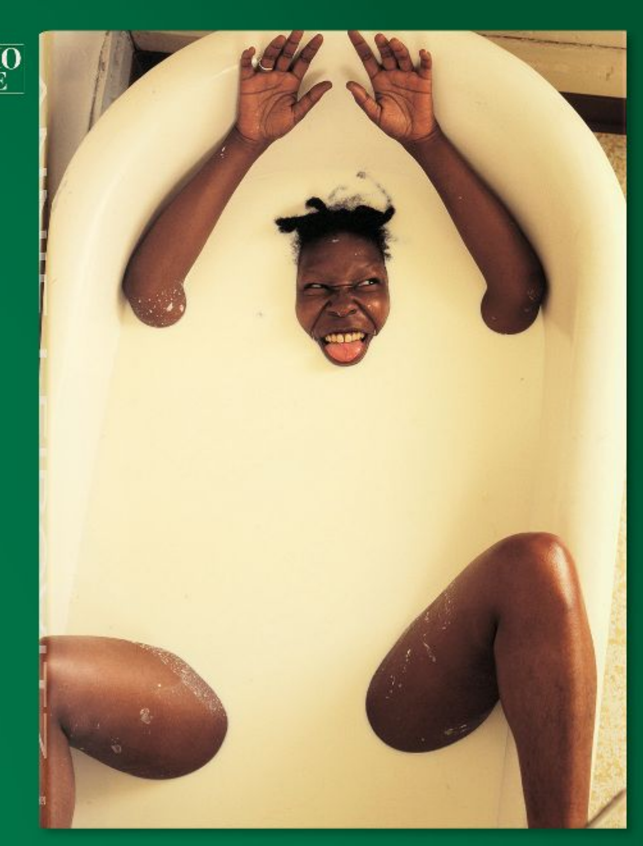


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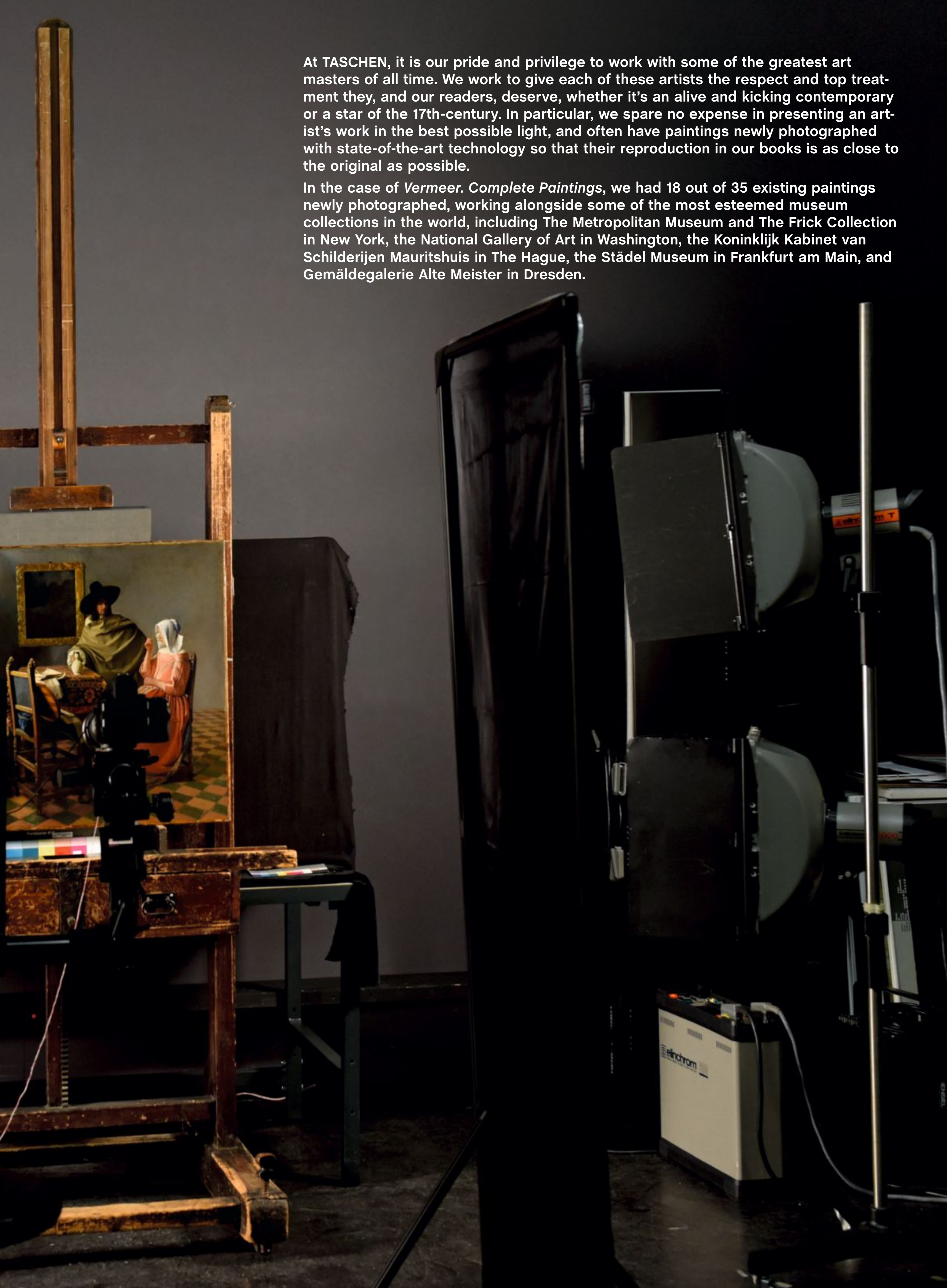
"Celebrated as one of the world's leading conceptual artists, this book unites unseen images, interviews, and unique designs into one comprehensive tale."

— *Arts & Collections*, London

Meeting the masterpieces

Brand new photography for *Vermeer: Complete Paintings*

Gemäldegalerie Berlin, June 29, 2015, 1:33 p.m.
Photographer: Volker Schneider.



At TASCHEN, it is our pride and privilege to work with some of the greatest art masters of all time. We work to give each of these artists the respect and top treatment they, and our readers, deserve, whether it’s an alive and kicking contemporary or a star of the 17th-century. In particular, we spare no expense in presenting an artist’s work in the best possible light, and often have paintings newly photographed with state-of-the-art technology so that their reproduction in our books is as close to the original as possible.

In the case of *Vermeer. Complete Paintings*, we had 18 out of 35 existing paintings newly photographed, working alongside some of the most esteemed museum collections in the world, including The Metropolitan Museum and The Frick Collection in New York, the National Gallery of Art in Washington, the Koninklijk Kabinet van Schilderijen Mauritshuis in The Hague, the Städel Museum in Frankfurt am Main, and Gemäldegalerie Alte Meister in Dresden.



The two figures' relation to each other in *The Glass of Wine* (c. 1658–1660, detail) is particularly subtle and multi-layered. The painting marks an advance in Vermeer's psychological penetration, as well as in his rendering of interior space.



The Glass of Wine was photographed in Berlin's Gemäldegalerie. It may not be a diva supermodel, but preparing this masterwork for its photo shoot requires all sorts of additional measures, preparations, and precautions.

First, there's the challenge of scheduling. Due to the extensive technical and logistical requirements involved in such photography, it can only take place when the museum is closed. Then the work has to be taken out of its frame, requiring a whole team of curators, photographers, conservators, and security to ensure that the work is protected at all times, on all fronts. Finally, the photographers themselves need to apply complex techniques such as cross-polarization in order to avoid unwanted reflections from the *craquelure* (superficial cracks, formed by the aging of paints) and to capture the work in all its glory.

Once the photographs are complete, our production department compares them to the original paintings to ensure that all colors and details are reproduced with optimum accuracy.

What happens next, we'll tell you next time: how a TASCHEN XL book is printed and bound.

Infallible eye

From domestic details to mysterious glances, Johannes Vermeer transformed oil paint into life

“There is so much mystery in each painting, in the women he depicts, so many stories suggested but not told.”
— Tracy Chevalier, 2014

In *Woman with a Pearl Necklace* (c. 1663/64, detail), we see a young lady who is just completing her toilette. Like Vermeer’s most famous painting, *Girl with a Pearl Earring,* the work displays his absolute mastery of the surface and texture of fabric and jewels.





Narrative intrigue

Just 35 paintings make up the known oeuvre of Johannes Vermeer, but in their extraordinary illusion of reality and compelling suggestion of a story, they have secured his place as one of the most admired artists in history.

Born in the city of Delft where he spent his life and career, Jan Vermeer, aside from Rembrandt, counts as the most famous and important exponent of the Netherlands' Golden Age.
Vermeer embodies his era in exemplary fashion, his work uniting everything that we feel to be characteristic and outstanding in this period: a sense of reality, precise observation, and a break with every sort of idealization. Vermeer is also remarkably individual in his unique mastery of the techniques and materials of painting. The all-conquering illusionism in his rendering of surfaces, for example, is owed to the velvety lustre of paint applied in minute dots, a technique which gives his paintings their extraordinary radiance and distinctive Vermeer character.
After producing three early works in rapid succession, Vermeer painted almost exclusively domestic interiors. His calm scenes, usually featuring one, two, or sometimes three figures are invariably set in a series

"In spite of, or perhaps because of his thematic limitation, Vermeer is regarded as the most important witness to life in the Dutch Golden Age."

of similar, albeit always slightly varying, rooms. The range of the action depicted is similarly limited: we encounter young women playing musical instruments, ladies receiving or writing letters, and couples either playing music together or conversing over a glass of wine. In spite of, or perhaps precisely because of, such thematic limitation, Vermeer is regarded as the most important witness to the life of the wealthy bourgeoisie during the Dutch Golden Age. With pictures such as *The Milkmaid*, *Girl with a Pearl Earring*, or *View of Delft* he has stamped the visual memory of an entire culture; he was able to create an image of the Dutch nation, in which the Dutch recognized themselves and in which the world recognized them.
The *Girl with a Pearl Earring* is Vermeer's best-known picture: just a short time after its rediscovery, in the late 19th century, it was hailed as the artist's masterpiece, the "Dutch *Mona Lisa.*" Since then, the work has inspired both an eponymous novel by American author Tracy Chevalier and a 2003 film adaptation of the book.
Vermeer's only surviving townscape, his *View of Delft*, shows his native city, but at the same time it evokes the very essence of a Dutch city: located on the water, traversed by a network of canals and overarched by a sky full of racing clouds. Marcel Proust called the painting "the most beautiful picture in the world."
Vermeer is often mythologized as the unknown master, a genius who had emerged out of nothing and then, just as mysteriously, disappeared, leaving little record of his earthly existence beyond his paintings. The fascination of this myth endures to this day. We are still entranced



Opposite: *The Girl with the Red Hat* (c. 1665–1667) combines emphatic and closely cropped facial features with extravagant, exotic attire.
Right: *Cavalier and Young Woman* (c. 1657–1659) is one of a series of Vermeer scenes to treat the theme of seduction accompanied by wine or music.



Sunlight falls through a stained glass window in this interior detail
from *A Lady Writing a Letter with Her Maid* (c. 1670/71). Now celebrated around the world, the painting remained unsold during Vermeer's lifetime. At the time of his death, his widow gave it to a Delft baker, as security against unpaid bills.

"This strange painter's palette is blue, lemon yellow, pearl grey, black, white... the arrangement...is as characteristic of him as the black, white, grey, pink is of Velázquez." — *Vincent van Gogh*, 1888

by the notion of such a virtuoso artist, of whose life nothing is known and in whose paintings we find yet further, enduring, mystery.

Vermeer died at the early age of 43, and from the output of his 22-year career we are now familiar with only 35 primarily small and middle-sized paintings—by any definition a small body of work. Aside from this body of work, it is true that no notes or letters from his hand have ever been discovered. After his death, his name was almost forgotten except by a few Dutch art collectors and dealers. Outside Holland his pictures came to be erroneously attributed to other artists.

It was not until 1860 that Vermeer was rediscovered; within a few decades he was enjoying quite spectacular posthumous renown. When the economic historian John Michael Montias researched the previously untapped sources from the Delft city archives in the 1970s and '80s, he uncovered evidence not only of the life and work of Vermeer but also of his family environment and even his overall living conditions in a Dutch city of the Golden Age. As a result of these findings we now know that Vermeer's father was not only a silk weaver, but had also worked as both a tavern keeper and an art dealer; and we now know a good deal more about the artist's self-confident and resolute mother-in-law, Maria Thins.

"The supposition that these images carry a deep, philosophically or religiously inflected symbolism has found wide acceptance."

Indeed, since Vermeer's revival 150 years ago, there has been an enormous quantity of literature about the artist.

An enormous variety of interpretations is to be found within these publications. On the one hand, there is an assumption that the rendering of scenes from the daily life of the Dutch bourgeoisie holds no deeper meaning. On the other hand, there is the supposition that these images carry within them a deep, philosophically or religiously inflected symbolism. The earlier theory positing essential "meaninglessness" has gradually lost its persuasion, and over the past few decades the notion of hidden meanings has found widespread acceptance. In the past few years two themes in particular have attracted the attention of many scholars: the hotly debated question as to whether Vermeer made use of any optical apparatus, such as a camera obscura, as an aid to composition; and the issue—arising in the context of gender studies—of the central role of women in his pictures and of what his works have to tell us of the position of women in 17th-century Dutch society.

This new XL monograph is intended as an all-embracing account of the artist who has enraptured scholars, students, writers, and many millions of museum visitors. With brand new photography of many paintings, it reveals Vermeer's narrative minutiae, meticulous textural detail, and majestic planes of light. The artist's restrained but richly evocative repertoire of domestic actions unfolds in a generous format, including three fold-out spreads. Numerous details, meanwhile, emphasize the artist's remarkable ability not only to bear witness to the trends and trimmings of the Dutch Golden Age but also to encapsulate an entire story in just one transient gesture, expression, or look, whether the unknown correspondence in *Lady Reading a Letter* or the ever beguiling, enigmatic glance of *Girl with a Pearl Earring*.



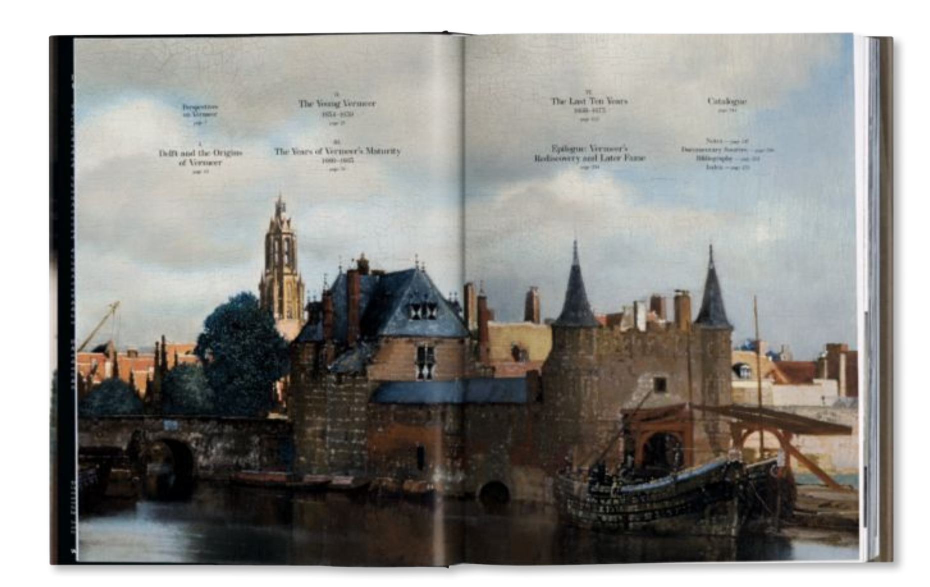
Above: With gleaming pearl in her ear, Vermeer's most celebrated subject turns towards us with moist lips parted, as if to say… what? Just a short time after its rediscovery in the late 19th century, *Girl with a Pearl Earring* (c. 1665–1667) was hailed the "Dutch *Mona Lisa*." The mesmerizing mystery of this small composition subsequently inspired the best-selling novel of the same title and a film adaptation.





A spirit of doubt or hesitation seems to hover in the air in *Mistress and Maid* (c. 1666/67, detail), one of Vermeer's earliest works in which his deft use of gestures and glances is already apparent.

Featuring brand new photography, the XL-Vermeer monograph celebrates a mesmerizing combination of mimesis and mystery.

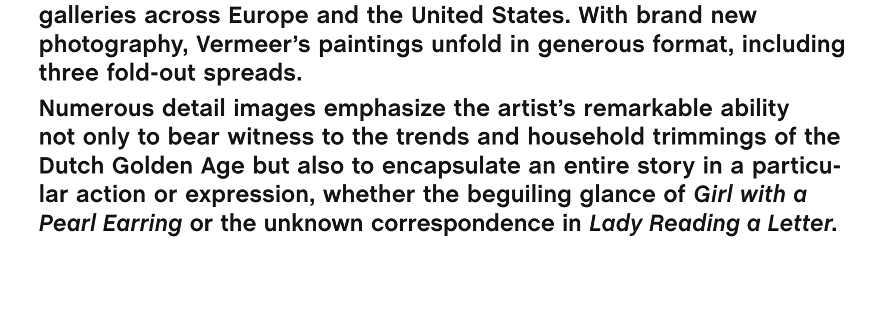


Right: *The Art of Painting* (c. 1666–1668, detail) shows a female artist's model, posed and costumed as Clio, the Muse of History. The picture is in many respects an exception within Vermeer's oeuvre. It does not depict an episode from the everyday life of contemporary Dutch society, but is rather an allegorical work about the very act of painting.



Johannes Vermeer. The Complete Works
Karl Schütz
Hardcover with 3 fold-outs,
29 x 39.5 cm (11.4 x 15.6 in.), 258 pp.
$ 150 / € 99.99 / £ 99.99

XL



This XL edition presents the complete catalog of Vermeer's work, gathering together the calm yet compelling scenes so treasured in galleries across Europe and the United States. With brand new photography, Vermeer's paintings unfold in generous format, including three fold-out spreads.

Numerous detail images emphasize the artist's remarkable ability not only to bear witness to the trends and household trimmings of the Dutch Golden Age but also to encapsulate an entire story in a particular action or expression, whether the beguiling glance of *Girl with a Pearl Earring* or the unknown correspondence in *Lady Reading a Letter*.





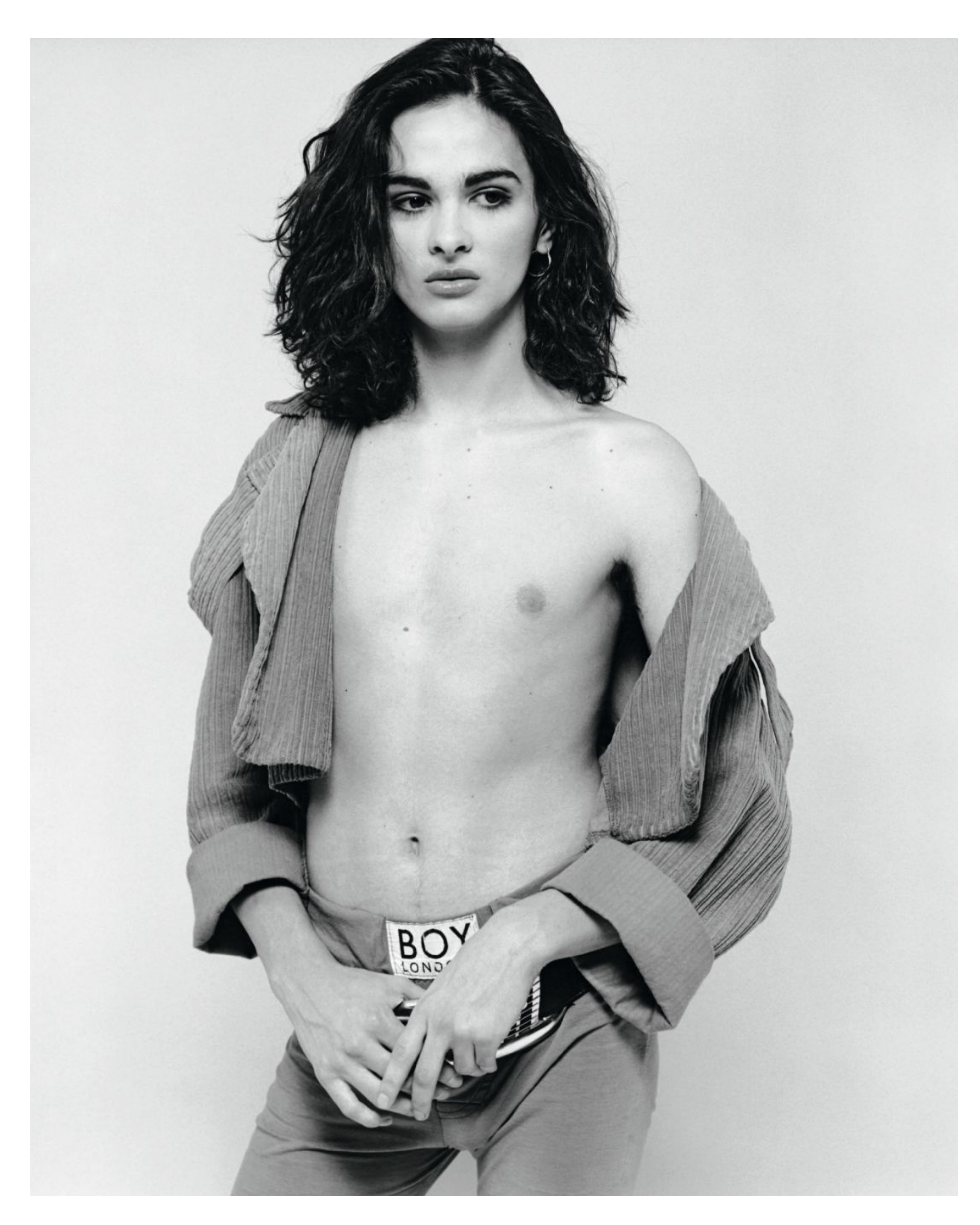


Unclassifiable Rheims

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Madonna blue, smiling in shiny blue underpants, September 1994, New York.



Above: *William*, July 1990, Paris.
Opposite: *Lara*, January 2008, Paris
(Art Edition No. 1–100).





Don't miss Bettina Rheims's retrospective at Maison Européenne de la Photographie, Paris, January 27 to March 27, 2016

Opposite: *Rose McGowan sinking in a bath of roses*, September 1996, New York.
Above: *Nu de dos attaché à mon lit*, February 1981, Paris.
Below left: *20 février I*, February 1991, Paris.
Below right: *20 février III*, February 1991, Paris.











Above: *Sibyl rouge avec un chandail vert*, January 1996, Paris.
Opposite: *Close-up of Karolína Kurková, the most beautiful girl in town*, December 2001, Paris.





Left: *Gina and Elizabeth kissing*, March 1995, Los Angeles.
Opposite: *Marthe en guêpière*, February 1987, Paris (Art Edition No. 101–200).

Limited to a total number of 1,000 copies signed by Bettina Rheims

Since her first photographs in the late 70s, Bettina Rheims has defied the predictable. From her series on Pigalle strippers to her cycle on the life of Jesus in *I.N.R.I.*, from Chanel commercials to *Gender Studies*, her work has shaken up traditional iconography and pushed restlessly at the breaking point between two great human preoccupations: beauty and imperfection.

This limited Collector's Edition is the ultimate Rheims retrospective, showcasing more than 500 photographs from 35 years of daring, often defiant, photography. Personally selected and assembled by Rheims, the collection juxtaposes renowned series such as *Chambre Close* with many previously unpublished archival pictures. A companion volume assembles press cuttings, behind-the-scenes material, and personal memories to trace her illustrious career.

ART EDITION NO. 1–100

Lara, January 2008, Paris (page 29)
C-print on Kodak RC Satin paper.

ART EDITION NO. 101–200

Marthe en guêpière, February 1987, Paris (opposite page). Inkjet Print on Harman Gloss paper, signed and dated (verso) by Bettina Rheims, 30 x 40 cm (11.8 x 15.7 in.) paper size.

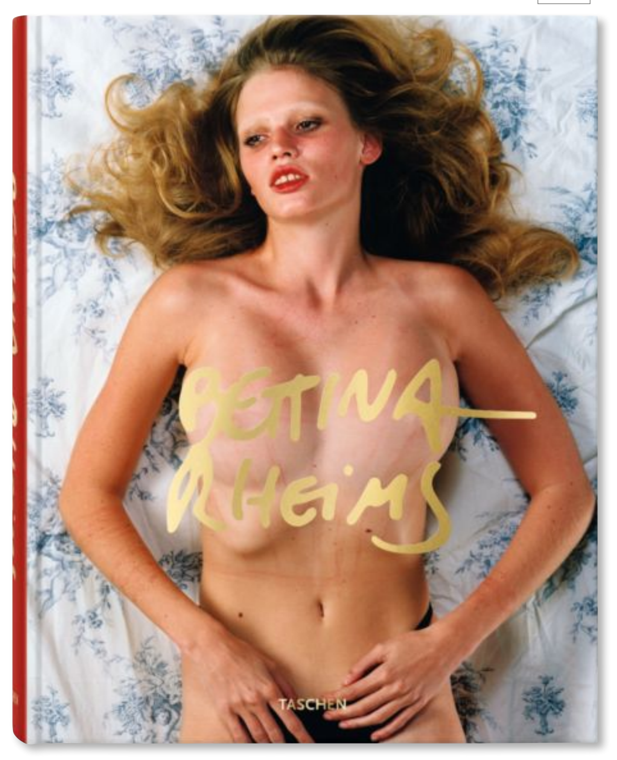
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XL



Bettina Rheims
Edited by Patrick Remy
Hardcover with companion volume in clamshell box,
30.5 x 39 cm (12 x 15.4 in.), 454 pp.



Schwerin, grand-ducal palace, east side.



A LOST LAND

The first color images of Germany rediscover the beauty and optimism of the pre-war period





Rose-tinted

Dating from 1889 to 1911, the photochroms gathered in *Germany around 1900* reveal a land of soaring spires, natural wonders, and fairy-tale castles on hills.

Belle Époque, Wilhelminian Empire, first German economic miracle. The Germany on the threshold of the 20th century has acquired various "subtitles." For many contemporaries it is a time of economic and cultural flowering, of prosperity and optimism. Above all, however, it is an unusually long period of peace at the end of a turbulent 19th century hallmarked by historic upheavals and revolutions in the spheres of politics, the economy, industry, transport, and society.

The last great military conflict was the Franco-Prussian War of 1870/1871, whose conclusion brings Germany not only enormous reparation payments from a defeated France (a major engine of Germany's growth in the 1870s) but also the founding of the German Empire (1871–1918). The Prussian King Wilhelm I of the House of Hohenzollern is proclaimed German Emperor. This Germany, a federal state with a constitutional monarchy under the hegemony of Prussia, represents a merger of the four kingdoms of Prussia (with its many provinces), Bavaria, Württemberg, and Saxony, of six grand duchies, five duchies, seven principalities, the three Free Hanseatic cities of Lübeck, Hamburg, and Bremen, and the Imperial Territory of Alsace-Lorraine, newly created from territories annexed by the Germans against the wishes of the local population and treated as a Prussian province.

"The images convey an atmosphere of harmony as well as a generous portion of painterly Romanticism."

Above: Castle of Sigmaringen, princely residence of the Swabian branch of the Hohenzollern dynasty.
Opposite: Eisenach, Hohe Sonne plateau with view of Wartburg Castle.

From June 1888 to the end of the First World War and his abdication on November 28, 1918, the Empire is ruled by Kaiser Wilhelm II. A whole epoch is named after him! "Wilhelminism" stands for outward pomp, but also for a society fraught with inner tensions. Around 1890 a dynamic economic boom sets in that lasts almost without interruption right up to the First World War. Major stimuli for growth come above all from the "new" industries:



Bastei Bridge seen from Ferdinandstein rock. Rising 640 feet (195 m) steeply up from the Elbe, the striking Bastei rock formation is one of the most popular vantage points in Saxon Switzerland.





automobile construction, electrical engineering, precision optic,s and chemicals. For the first time, more people are employed in industry than in agriculture.

“The images seem astonishingly tranquil…the old days arise again in their former, unscathed glory.”

Germany finally makes the transition from an agrarian state to an industrial nation, with all its advantages and disadvantages. Profiting the most from these technological and economic advances are the middle and upper classes. With increasing amounts of money and leisure time, they can enjoy both in true Belle Époque style on the boulevards of the metropolises, in cafés, salons, theaters, seaside resorts, and health spas, while the great number of workers return, after long hours in the factory or field, to the slum districts of the rapidly expanding cities or to cramped houses in the countryside.
Meanwhile, the development of the transport network means that more and more people are mobile to a previously unknown extent. Railways, electric trams, and steamers are a firm fixture of everyday life. The occasional automobile can already be seen on the roads. The early history of aviation also falls into these years: On July 2, 1900, the first Zeppelin airship takes to the skies over Lake Constance and in 1891 Otto Lilienthal becomes the first person to soar into the air in his glider construction, even if he only travels 27 yards (25 m). The revolution in transport and increasing amounts of leisure time are key factors in the growth of the tourist industry.
From the North Sea islands to the Alps, Germany becomes an attractive destination and tourism a major business. People no longer travel purely to carry out commissions or out of necessity, but for pleasure, as a way of spending their free time, to “get away from it all.” Whereas most of those who traveled in the early 19th century did so on their own, travel now develops in the direction of a “mass phenomenon,” still somewhat exclusive and not within reach of every “average citizen,” but also no longer the privilege of the few. Travel agents see business booming, offer tours of all kinds, and produce travel brochures. *Baedeker’s Travel Guide*, first published in 1832, is an indispensable companion for most people. Tourists send dozens of postcards, or collect, as visual reminders of what they have seen, the latest sensational invention: photochroms!
Their orientation towards the tourist market thus also explains the portrait of Germany around the turn of the century painted by the photochroms in our book: What we see is not a comprehensive documentation of the country as a whole, with all its good and bad points, but a body of pictures focused entirely on well-known sights and attractions. Against the backdrop of the dynamic developments described above, these images in many cases seem astonishingly “tranquil.” Coupled with the charming, very special quality of photochrom coloring, they convey an atmosphere of harmony and a generous portion of painterly Romanticism. And just as they transported the travelers of their day to a nostalgic “somewhere else,” so they continue to do today. All the more so, indeed, as they bring back to life places that have since suffered the ravages of time and the devastation of the wars of the 20th century. We have souvenir photography to thank for the fact that the “old days” arise again in their former, unscathed glory, and the virtuoso photochromists for the fact that they do so in color!



Above: Neuschwanstein Castle. Bedroom decorated with scenes from the Tristan saga.
Right: Germanisches Nationalmuseum, historical German kitchen.
Opposite: Rheinstein Castle near Trechtingshausen is Romanticism par excellence. Originally a medieval toll castle (early 14th century), by the 17th century it had fallen into decay.





Westerland, sandcastles and dunes.

“Men of the world” are met at spas and many a mother seeks to make a good match for her daughters. Refined society dresses elegantly even on the beach. There is no frolicking in the waves as we understand it today, and certainly no swimming. It is more a matter of a taking a quick dip. For Germans around the turn of the century, a spa visit—originally instigated for reasons of health—has become a social event par excellence.





For Berlin, the founding of the German Empire in 1871 signifies a “promotion”: from capital of the Kingdom of Prussia to capital of the whole of Germany. It is true that not everyone at the time considers Berlin fit for its new role, but over the next 30 years the “Athens on the Spree” transforms itself from provincial royal residence to cosmopolitan metropolis. The tremendous pace at which this metamorphosis takes place prompts Mark Twain, in 1892, to declare Berlin the “Chicago of Europe.”



Berlin, Cathedral and
Frederick Bridge.



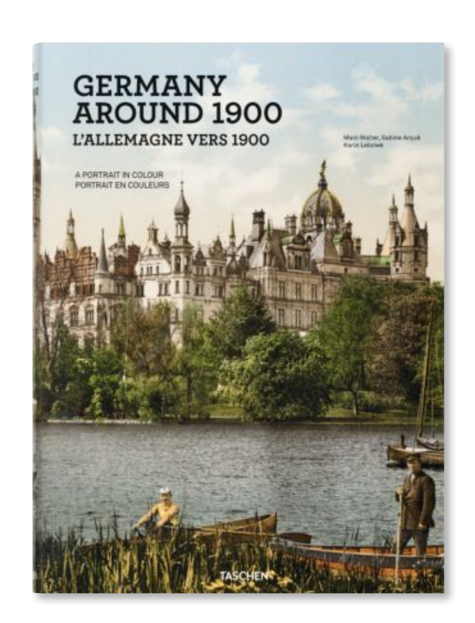
Hildesheim, Knochenhaueramtshaus (Butchers' Guild Hall).
Opposite: Wernigerode, Town Hall.

From the Bavarian Alps to the Baltic Coast

Spanning the length and breadth of Germany, this remarkable collection features the first color photographic images of what was then a young, prosperous, and self-confident nation. From the authors of the critically acclaimed *American Odyssey*, the book features some 800 photochroms to create a fascinating, poignant panorama of the country's most beautiful and mythical sites, before the ravages of time and traumas of history set in.



Germany around 1900. A Portrait in Colour
Marc Walter, Sabine Arqué, Karin Lelonek
Hardcover with fold-outs, 29 x 39.5 cm (11.4 x 15.6 in.) 612 pp.
$ 200 / € 150 / £ 135



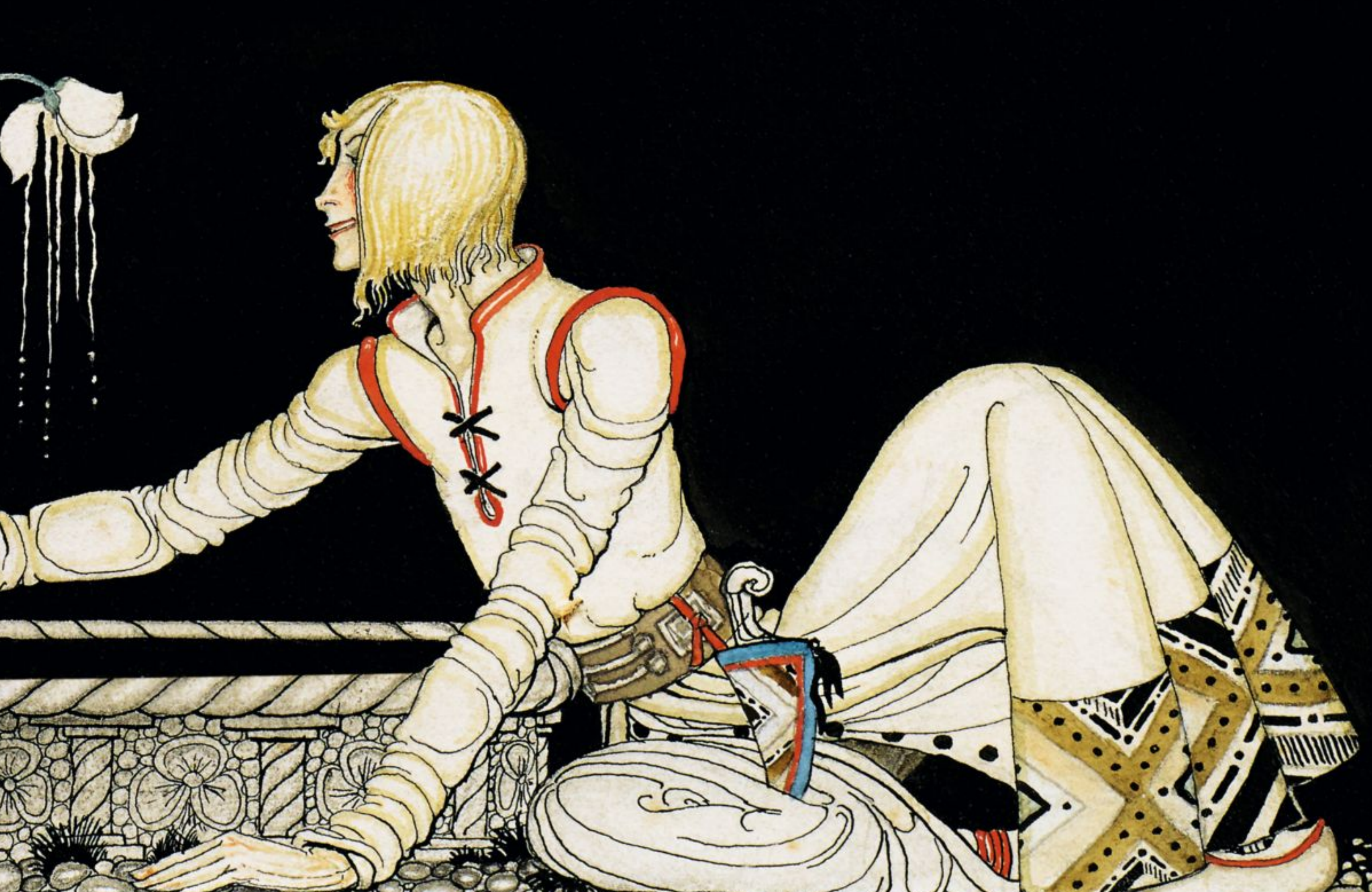




A prince and a princess set out to find the heart of an evil giant
in *The Giant who had no Heart in his Body.* "On that island stands a church. In that church is a well. In that well swims a duck. In that duck there is an egg, and in that egg there lies my heart."

Fairy tale finesse

Reviving *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, Kay Nielsen's Scandinavian masterwork



The origins of Norway's famous folktales

Noel Daniel

In 1840, Norwegian folklorists Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Engebretsen Moe were putting the finishing touches on their first collection of folktales, which they had sourced in the rugged and remote mountains, high terrain, and fjords of Norway. Friends since they were teenagers, they were passionate about native folklore and had spent years traveling separately—and on foot—to ancient farming, fishing, and mining communities to write down local tales of trolls, witches, and giants firsthand. They were fascinated by the unique mix of magical scenarios with traces of ancient Norse pagan mythology and the Old Norse sagas of the Vikings, local customs, and the mores of the medieval Christian missionaries who had arrived inland almost a thousand years before. Asbjørnsen and Moe were on their way to compiling from scratch an unprecedented treasure trove of rich native Norwegian folktales.

But when Asbjørnsen and Moe shopped around their first batch of tales for publication, they had a hard time drumming up appreciation. The tales were criticized as frivolous and infantile, and publishers did not think readers would be interested. The collection was eventually published in 1841, and although it was slight and anonymous, it immediately struck a chord with the literati in Norway and across Europe. The Brothers Grimm in Germany, whose

"The tales offered a consensus of past and present voices, customs, and traditions that reflected a unique Norwegian rural culture."

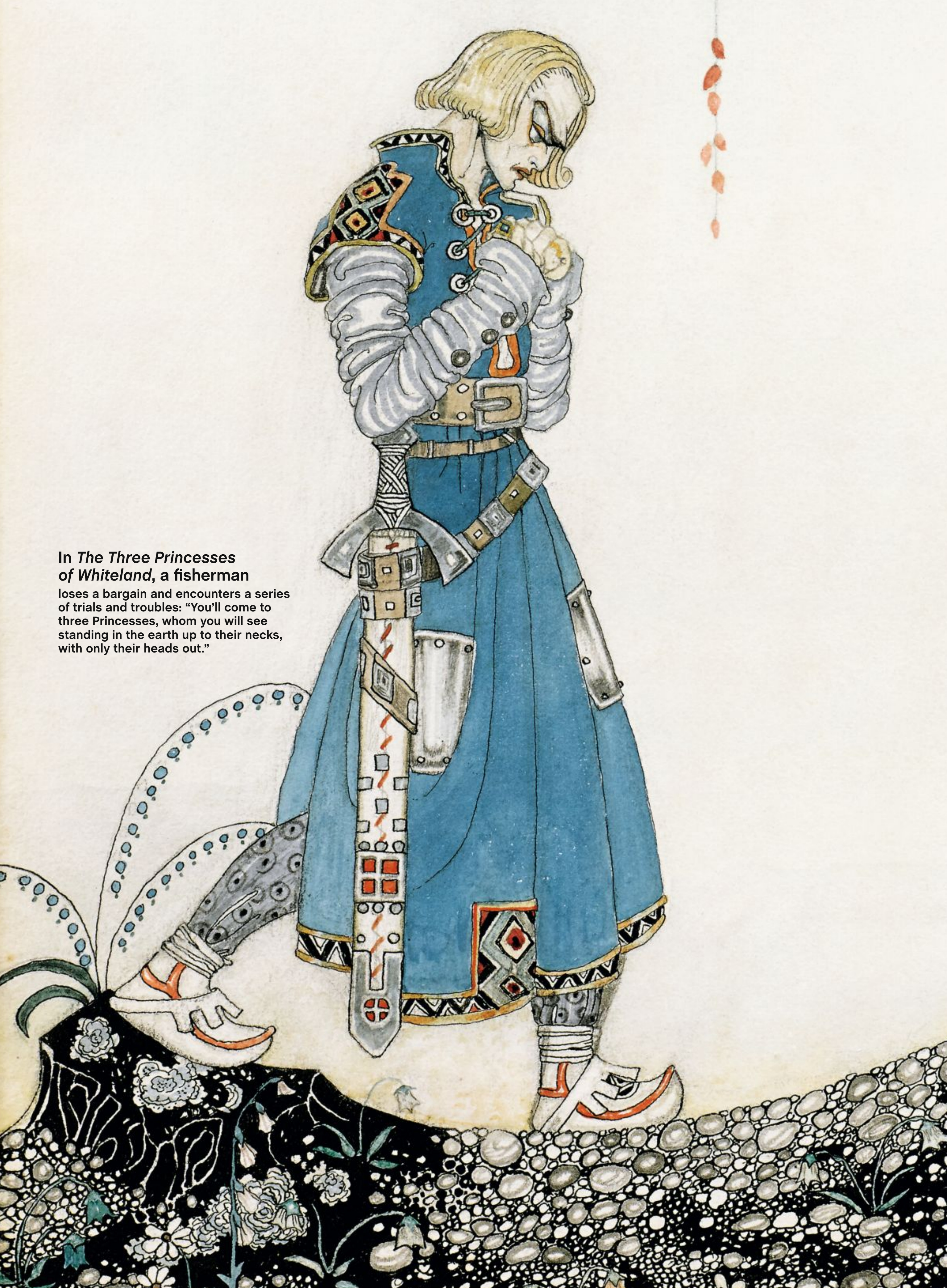
own collection of Germanic folktales from 1812 had inspired Asbjørnsen and Moe to undertake theirs, called the contents of the Norwegians' little pamphlet "the best folktales that exist." The release of more tales shortly thereafter, and finally a large collection of sixty tales in 1851–52 (which contains the majority of the tales in this book), and over one hundred total in the years to come, hugely influenced Norway's national identity and language in ways that are still strongly felt today.

Despite its rich oral tradition of storytell-



Left: Asbjørnsen and Moe's Norwegian folktales play out against the backdrop of a rugged landscape inhabited by trolls, witches, and giants. This photograph from c. 1880 by Swedish photographer Axel Lindahl, was taken in the scenic Nærøy Valley in western Norway.
Opposite: In *The Three Princesses of Whiteland*, a young King travels far and wide to return home to his Queen. "When he had gone a good way, he came to a high hill. There he met one who was lord over all the beasts of the wood. The man gave him a pair of snowshoes."





In *The Three Princesses of Whiteland*, a fisherman loses a bargain and encounters a series of trials and troubles: "You'll come to three Princesses, whom you will see standing in the earth up to their necks, with only their heads out."



"Nielsen delighted in colorful exuberance, pattern, and an Oriental inventiveness. He borrowed from a love of early Italian painting, delicate Persian miniatures, and Indian and Chinese landscapes."

— *The Daily Telegraph*, London

ing, Norway had up to this point very little indigenous literature. The previous four hundred years had seen Danish dominance, and although literacy was widespread, Danish was the only written language permitted. With their anthology, Asbjørnsen and Moe harnessed the rich legacy of Norwegian storytelling that had largely been oral and local. The collection offered Norwegians a hybrid form of their written native tongue that simplified the thicket of spoken dialects and brought written Norwegian back to life. It was a template upon which future advances in the written language were made, and is the origin of one of two written styles still used today.

The widespread belief that the tales were the voice of an indigenous Norwegian culture helped cement the tales' importance. It offered an answer to the question stirring in public debate on the heels of Norway's first constitution in 1814, when Norway won semi-independence from Denmark: Who exactly are we when we are not ruled by others? The tales offered a people's history—a consensus of past and present voices, customs, and traditions that reflected a unique Norwegian rural culture away from the ruling powers in Copenhagen. It was a heritage upon which a modernizing society could stand without losing touch with its roots.

"Peasant communities in remote areas had the richest oral tradition, fortified by isolation and the long Scandinavian winter evenings that fostered storytelling."

The first decades of the nineteenth century in Norway had seen much suffering in the farming communities that Asbjørnsen and Moe later visited. People were poor; the infant mortality rate was 40 percent; life expectancy for the burgeoning nation's one million inhabitants was in the late forties; and Norway was caught in a political tug-of-war with Denmark and Sweden.

The peasant culture deep in the remote areas of rural Norway suffered the most. But it was this culture that had the richest oral tradition in Norway, fortified by its isolation and the long Scandinavian winter evenings that fostered the art of storytelling. Like the Brothers Grimm, Asbjørnsen and Moe were part of a wave of efforts born of the Romantic age to capture vernacular stories. However, while the Brothers Grimm largely relied on a handful of local storytellers, as well as literary sources, Asbjørnsen and Moe embodied the ideal of the nineteenth-century folklorist as itinerant hunter of stories across the land. Asbjørnsen and Moe helped shape the real-world cultural identity of the very people whose traditional storytelling they were intent on preserving, indeed even more than the Brothers Grimm did in Germany, and their volumes of tales accompanied



the country on the long road toward national independence, which was finally fully attained in 1905.

Nine years later, in 1914, the London publishing powerhouse Hodder & Stoughton decided to publish a new illustrated edition of Asbjørnsen and Moe's tales for an international English-speaking audience (mainly British and American readers, the latter of whom were avidly consuming European illustrated books because their own nation's publishing industry was less prolific). Several illustrated editions of the tales had been released since 1879, but the publishers saw potential for something bigger and better in light of advancements in color printing.

Asbjørnsen and Moe's Norwegian Folktales had been translated into English in 1859 by Sir George Webbe Dasent. The publishers decided to pair thirteen of Dasent's translations, plus an Asbjørnsen and Moe tale translated by H. L. Brækstad and a newly translated Danish tale, "Prince Lindworm" (which does not appear in Asbjørnsen and Moe's collections), with specially commissioned art-



Top: In 2008, a signed copy of the 1914 deluxe first edition of Nielsen's *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* sold for the highest price ever achieved for an illustrated children's book.
Left: Norway's richest storytelling traditions were found in its rural communities. This c. 1880 photograph of a woman with a basket and a bride, right, in traditional folk costume and headdress was taken on a farm in central Norway.
Opposite: In *The Three Princesses in the Blue Mountain*, a soldier finds an old rusty whistle in a cupboard. "I wonder if there is any sound in it," he thought, and put it to his mouth. No sooner had he whistled than he heard a whizzing and a whirring from all quarters, and such a large flock of birds swept down that they blackened all the field in which they settled."


KAY·NIELSEN·


KAY NIELSEN 1914

work by the rising star Kay Nielsen to be printed in four colors. They named it *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* after one of the lead tales, where disorienting coordinates reset our compass to a fantastical cosmos. More than ten years before the same publishing house would commission Nielsen to illustrate books of the fairy tales of the legendary Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen, they chose Asbjørnsen and Moe's Norwegian tales.

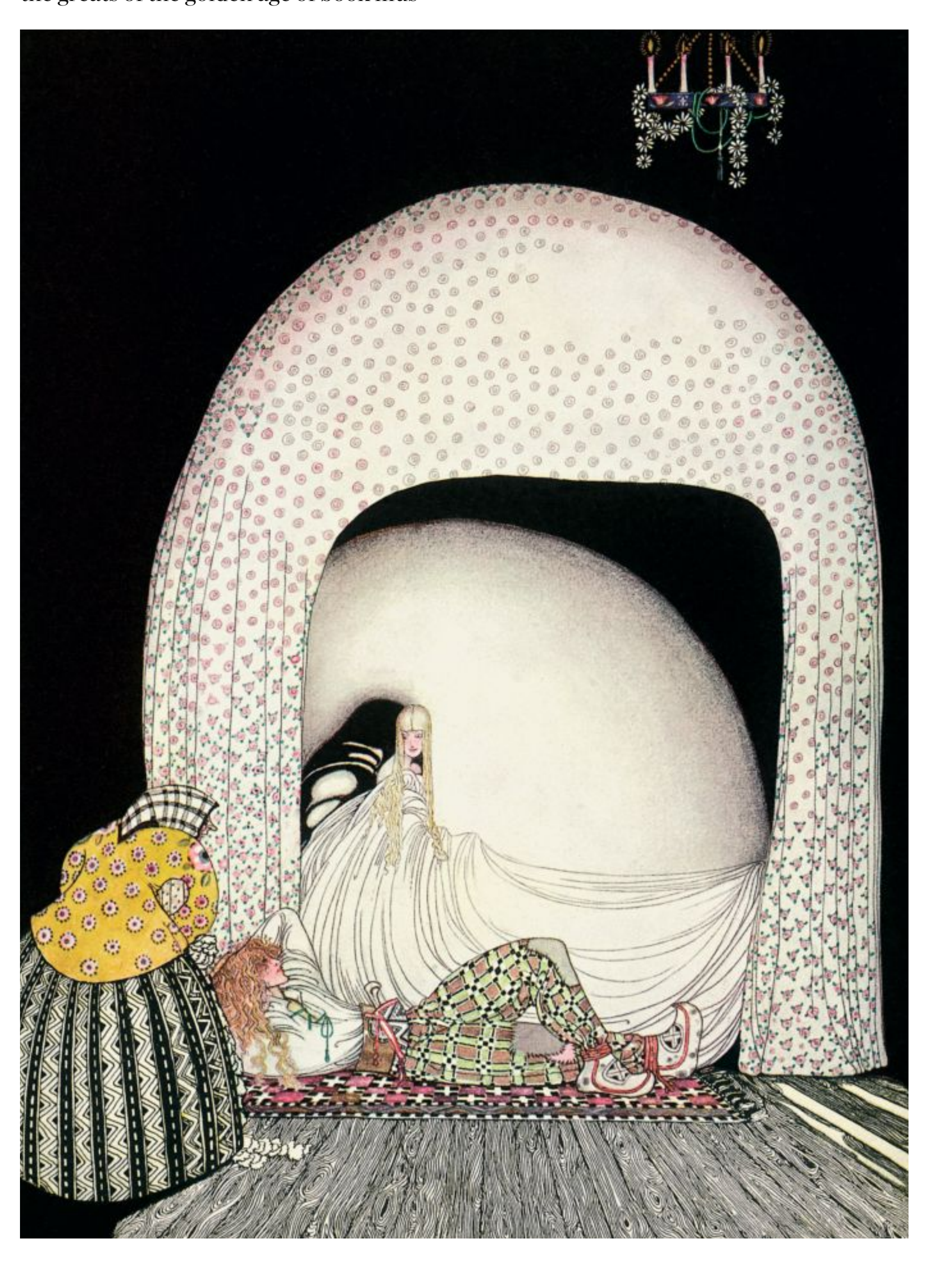
"*East of the Sun and West of the Moon* proved to be Nielsen's breakout book, cementing his place among the greats of the golden age of book illustration."

Thus, while Romantic nationalism swept across Europe during this time, a porous internationalism rose in its wake and took a seat at the same table of widespread interest in vernacular culture and folklore. As the folklore reflected the colloquial language and customs of specific national identities, the artists who illustrated the anthologies were from an international metropolitan class engaged with the ebb and flow of artistic movements that were crossing national borders, such as Arts and Crafts, Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and modernism.

Artists from all over Europe were traveling to study and work in major cities, and Nielsen was one of them. They helped transform London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and New York into cities with distinct cultures of their own. A Dane, Nielsen was educated in Paris, was active in theater in Copenhagen, became a star in London, and was later a creative director in Hollywood. The influences were international, the art academies world-class, the artists multilingual, the color printing technology cutting-edge, and the cities rife with art collections and museums for research, national theaters, powerful publishing houses, and lucrative art galleries.

A century earlier, it would have been deeply ironic for a Danish artist to illustrate Asbjørnsen and Moe's Norwegian tales given the fraught history of the two nations. But one hundred years on, in the hard-nosed, high-stakes international business of publishing, no one protested that the Danish Nielsen wasn't fit to illustrate the tales. You didn't have to be German to illustrate the Brothers Grimm tales, just as Nielsen's Danish heritage did not preclude him from illustrating the Norwegian ones. During his career, Nielsen illustrated Norwegian, German, Danish, French, and Arabian tales. In fact, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* proved to be Nielsen's breakout book, cementing his place among the greats of the golden age of book illustration when it was hailed as a masterpiece upon publication. Thus, while the nature of the tales may seem specific to Norway, this book is a measure of both the national and international influence of the original tales, and the artist whose illustrations made the book an artistic treasure of the early twentieth century. In this way, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* is, in essence, the true north of early-twentieth-century children's illustration. The popularity of these tales has proven time and again to be without borders.

Opposite: In *The Blue Belt* a beggar-woman and her son discover a magic Blue Belt. In possession of this talisman, the boy has superhuman strength, and outsmarts his attackers again and again. In the process, he becomes engaged to the daughter of the King of Arabia. **Right:** In *The Widow's Son,* a poor lad is sent out into the world by his widowed mother. He is hired by a cruel Troll but eventually escapes and arrives in disguise at a kingdom. The Princess uncovers his disguise and falls in love: "He came into the Princess's bedroom, lay down, and began to snore at once. Then the Princess said to her maid: 'Go gently, and just pull his wig off.'"



Magic and masterful drawing

A world heritage classic in illustration and children's literature



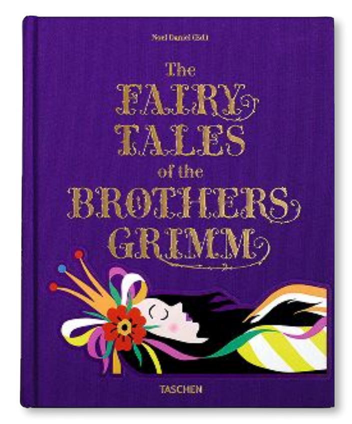
In his visual imagining of the 15 Norwegian fairy tales gathered in *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, Kay Nielsen created illustrations of ravishing, jewel-like splendor. In 2008, a first edition of the book garnered the highest price ever paid for an illustrated children's book.

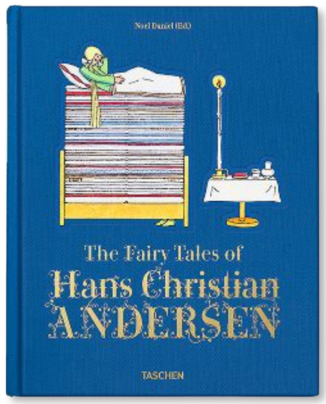
In this new edition, TASCHEN revives Nielsen's *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* with an all-new design featuring double-spreads and numerous enlarged details. The book is printed in five colors with a lovingly designed slipcase and three essays exploring Nielsen's career as well as the history of Norwegian folktales.

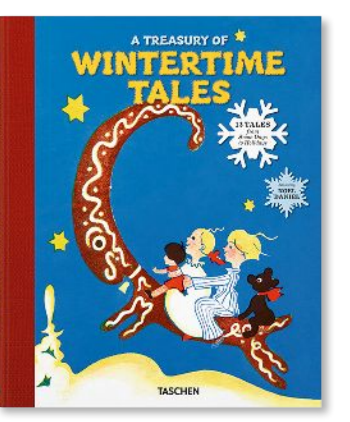


Kay Nielsen. East of the Sun and West of the Moon
Edited by Noel Daniel, Hardcover in a slipcase with ribbon bookmark, 23 x 28.7 cm (9.1 x 11.3 in.) 168 pp.
$ 39.99 / € 29.99 / £ 24.99

Other TASCHEN fairy tale books edited by Noel Daniel:







$ 39.99 / € 29.99 / £ 24.99 each



Scene from The Widow's Son in which the lad escapes
the cruel Troll with the help of a horse: "But still the Horse begged him to look behind him."
Lara 13:04
Guess who surprised me on set?!
13:06 Elizabeth
Looks lovely – bring me next time please!
An extraordinary experience at Glenmere Mansion Relais & Chateaux, enabled by Vertu Signature Touch Concierge. Discover more at vertu.com. #LiveExtraordinary
LIVE EXTRAORDINARY
Introducing the New Signature Touch: the evolution of an icon.
Discover the world of Vertu, where extraordinary becomes reality.
VERTU
HANDMADE IN ENGLAND



Poses of peace

Michael O'Neill's meditation on the essence of yoga



Urdhva dhanurasana (upward-facing bow pose). Edge of the Ganges, Haridwar, March 20, 2010.



"Yoga is at a critical juncture in its long history. I wanted to pay homage to its classical lineage and understand this unique moment before it slips away."

Mindful eyes

Michael O'Neill introduces his journey through the world of yoga

> **"If you cannot see God in all, you cannot see God at all."**
> —Yogi Bhajan

Some years before I started practicing yoga seriously, I made a set of photographs of His Holiness the Dalai Lama. I had a number of gold-leaf panels painted in New York and shipped to the location where we reconstructed them on a hot summer day. We'd gotten some wonderful frames of His Holiness meditating, and by the end of the shoot I was dripping in perspiration. It is proper protocol to sit slightly lower than His Holiness, so I was kneeling to his left. Smiling at me, he reached down and with the side of his forefinger gently swept from my jaw upward to catch and clean the beads of my sweat. It was such a simple, heartfelt gesture, and with a bigger smile he said, "You've worked so hard."

My dedication to work was a constant, never-ending pursuit of perfection and excellence. Some 35 years later the travel, the 14-hour days, the pressure of concentrated, intensified sittings brought me to the surgeon's table to fix some calcified nerves in my neck. When I came out of the surgery, my right arm—my camera arm—was paralyzed. The neurologists told me I would never use it again.

I could have accepted this, sued the surgeon for medical malpractice, resigned myself to living with a disability. Instead, I decided to chose a different path and



Right: Yoga is the science of angles and triangles. To embody this geometry of love requires desire, direction, and discipline. Yoga nidrasana with hand variation (sleeping yogi pose). Kumbh Mela, Allahabad, January 22, 2007.
Opposite: The mountain, *tadasana*, with the unblinking stare. The intense heat of those eyes that burn through any false persona. Like those who had come to pay homage to him before me, I had to be interviewed by B.K.S. Iyengar before we could begin our work together—not as a judgement of me but a spiritual reading. I was the only photographer allowed to make a picture of him in his private temple at the Ramamani Institute, which is built around a central column. This is the spinal cord of the building, a representation of the Kundalini energy channels that culminate on the roof in a crown of seven cobras. Iyengar has had tremendous influence over the dissemination of this ancient knowledge, and in the promotion of peace, health, and non-violence. He was *the* genius of yoga, a perfect candidate for a Nobel Prize. Personal Hanuman temple, B. K. S. Iyengar, Pune, India, March 8, 2006.

shifted my intention in a much more positive direction. The first step I could take in order to really confront what I was going through was to study meditation, to learn to sit with myself, to calm the fear. I then worked with a brilliant hydrotherapist who helped me move my arm again, inch by inch, using the resistance of water. At the same time, I practiced meditation with molecular biologist and mindfulness master Jon Kabat-Zinn. By the end of year one, the very nerves the experts had pronounced dead had almost completely regenerated themselves, and I could use my arm. Yoga and meditation had become indispensable to my life.

The journey never had a specific destination. It was simply my own personal path with yoga. That path was a river, and the purpose was to be on the water. The purpose was the process itself. I hadn't been back to India for quite a number of years but the Ganges, "Ganga Mata," was mother to me—my energy flow through my relationship with yoga. It often felt like rafting, like river running. I would "put in" then float, drift, pull the oars, never knowing what was around the bend. And then at some point I would "take out" and the flow would become its own meditation.

The next step in this journey would begin four years after my surgery. It was during the dog days of summer in New York City; and finally after so many humid, hot nights the evening was cool, the sky a beautiful indigo. I had just left a yoga class, when I noticed a woman walking down Fifth Avenue in a crisp white shirt smiling at me. It was my friend Susan White, the director of photography at *Vanity Fair*. How strange that in a city of over eight million people you can literally bump into someone you know. "So you're doing yoga too?" she asked me, with a nod to the mat rolled under my arm.

We talked about our respective yoga practices, and eventually I got around to telling her I'd love to do a portfolio of the masters and gurus of yoga. Susan simply said, "Absolutely," and followed with, "and then a book."

"Both the yoga and photographic processes involve bringing an open mind to see what is really there."

The project changed my life. I'd been wondering what the next transformation would be. And now I had an answer. The yoga series gave me a new focus. It was my idea, my passion, so much more than just another job. I decided early on that I would concentrate on making rather than taking photographs, to strive to make that emotional and spiritual connection with all of my subjects that would transcend the medium, and become something more.

Yoga is at a critical juncture in its long history. It is inevitable that the yoga tradition as it has been taught will evolve and change as new people discover it and make it their own. Right now, some of the great masters of the East who trace their lineage back centuries are alive and thriving, but they won't be forever. The first wave of western masters is putting their indelible marks on the science. All I wanted to do was to pay homage to yoga's classical lineage and understand this unique moment before it slips away. In a sense, I've become an anthropologist.

Aside from my family, the passions of my life are yoga and photography. The concentration of both the yoga and photographic processes are one and the same. Both involve bringing an open mind to see what is really there. Both require patience and reward practice. Both are meditations in that they are totally engrossing. When you are in that moment, in that flow, nothing else exists. This is especially true in the darkroom—the womb-like environment and soft, constant burble of water has a flow, an alchemy. Your creation is brought out through liquid onto paper and is alive. It's magic. You immerse your hands in the transformative liquid just as you immerse your body in the transformative water of the Ganges, the mother of life.

Yoga mirrors that sense of creation and requires that you turn the mirror inward and confront the most basic elements of your existence. Just as yoga will lose something essential in this age of the quick fix, photography, gone digital, is losing something essential as darkroom craft becomes a thing of the past.

This project has occupied a 10-year chunk of my life. The photographs have been culled from different time periods, different attitudes. I was using a small camera, a big camera, a bigger camera. I was working with a crew of guides, translators, assistants, and drivers under rough conditions and on my own with nothing but a hand-

Left: Yoga's purpose is to move toward what Guru Prem Singh Khalsa calls "divine alignment" through a series of postures that aid in stillness of mind and heart, and bring the practitioner closer to touching the infinite. Durvasasana (squatting version of the pose of the irascible sage, Durvasa), Nageshwar Giri. Haridwar, March 20, 2010.



Dharma Mittra reminded me of a child showing off,
not for the purpose of showing off, but to demonstrate out of pure, divine joy, the perfection of his asana. We wound up assembling on a frigid, clear morning on the cobblestones of the Meatpacking District, which at the time remained relatively in original form. A space heater to one side, Dharma and I synchronized our timing to a fraction of a second as his hands reached his thighs. He hit a stasis, and I made the image.



“The mind has no particular form, shape, or purpose other than that of reflection. Just as a crystal reflects any color placed next to it, when the mind is directed out toward the world through the eyes and other senses, it reflects the world.”
— Eddie Stern

held. I remember nights in the Himalayas sleeping with the Sherpas on dirt floors when it was 30 degrees or less inside. I remember another evening walking by the Ganges, just being one with the sounds, the movement, the flow of the holy river. It was one of the highlights of my life to meditate with some of the masters, to be educated by them, to be blessed by them, and to bathe in the Ganges with 70 million people during the Kumbh Mela festivals.

I would return from India sick every time. My Brazilian wife would say "não mais," but I continued to go back for eight more trips. Not to mention traveling all over the United States to photograph American masters and celebrities who have managed to integrate yoga into their otherwise highly public lives. I was particularly fortunate that the great teacher Gurmukh agreed to be photographed. She understood the imperative of this photographic document. She happens to be one of my main teachers and someone with whom I'm quite close. We had shared a pilgrimage (yatra) to Mount Kailash through Tibet by Land Cruiser. Her wish was to be photographed at the Golden Temple, the most holy place in the Sikh religion. Something in that photograph from Amritsar, her subtle, holy smile, tells you her meditation there was totally different than it would have been at her Golden Bridge Yoga studio in Santa Monica. But it was something she said that made all the treks I did, all the pictures I made, all the intestinal bugs I caught, all the time I spent away from my family, worthwhile. She believes that I am being used as a channel. "The yogic traditions are flowing from the ancients through you."

I don't know if that's true, but I'd like to think so.

"I concentrated on making rather than taking photographs, to make that emotional and spiritual connection with all of my subjects."

Below: The tools of yoga assist us to crystalline clarity. Dhanurasana (bow pose), Christy Turlington Burns. Amagansett, August 22, 2006. **Opposite:** From its earliest teachings, yoga was not called an art or exercise or religion, but a science. By practicing the science of yoga, one can have a a direct perception of oneself. Natarajasana (dancing Shiva pose), Shiva Rea. El Mirage Lake, California, October 25, 2006.



"This book is a definitive pictorial compendium of modern yogis photographed by Michael O'Neill. ...a unique and valuable chronicle of an ancient tradition of human endeavor."

—Guru Dharam Khalsa



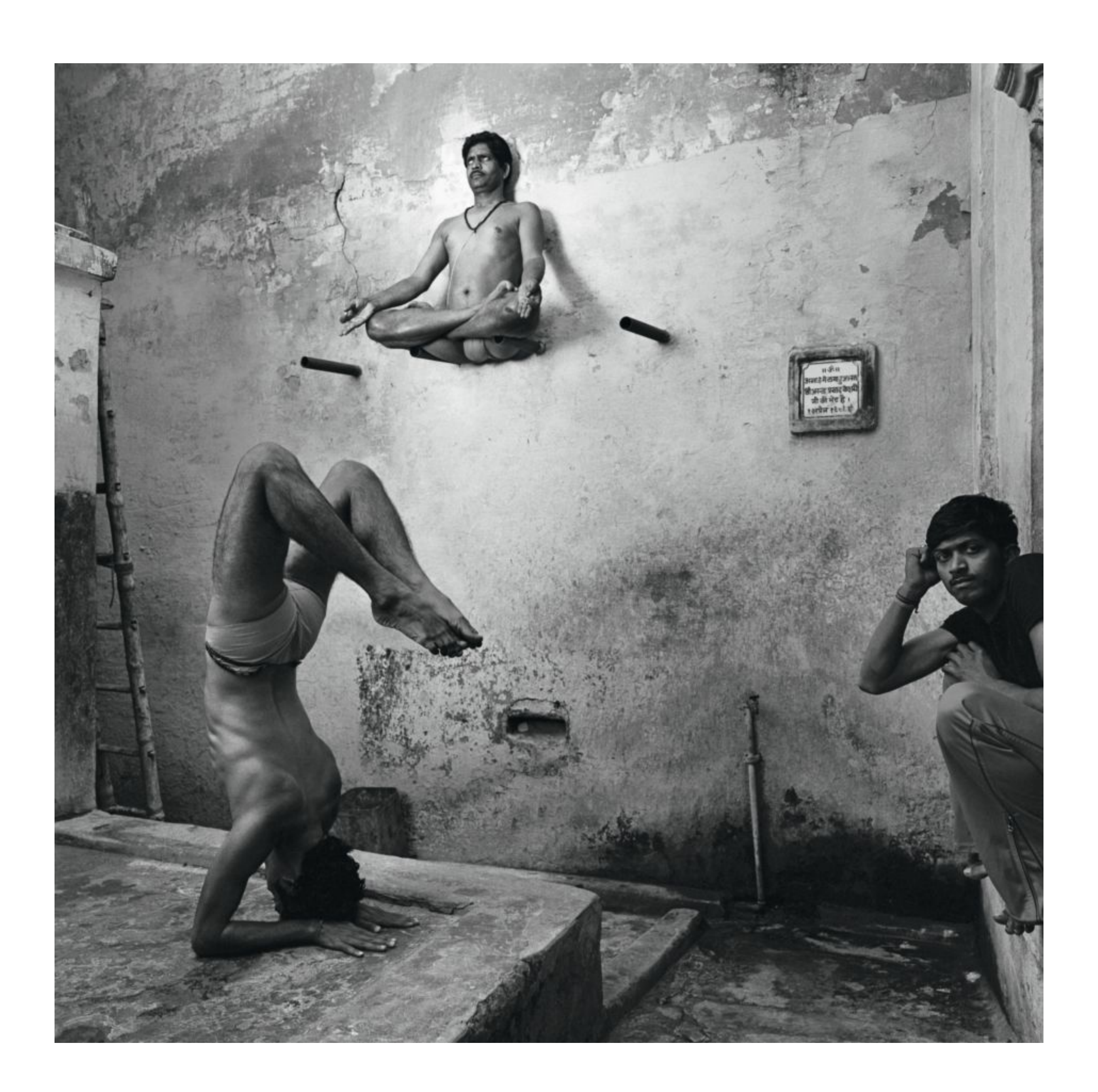
“A guru is a person who takes darkness away from the light of our spirits.”

— Michael O’Neill



It is only with mystics and yogis that the questions arose: What is it that we are truly searching for?
Where does true fulfilment occur? Who am I? Baba Dhuna Giri at his *dhuni*. Haridwar, November 13, 2007.

Below: The word asana literally means "seat." In early yoga, that seat was used as a platform to find a physical, internal balance. Levitating Lotus. Varanasi, February 21, 2009.



"The concentration of both the yoga and photographic processes are one and the same. Both involve bringing an open mind to see what is really there. Both require patience and reward practice. Both are meditations in that they are totally engrossing. When you are in that moment, in that flow, nothing else exists." — Michael O'Neill



Walking by the Ganges, just being one with the sounds, the movement, the flow of the holy river.

The Triveni Sangram is the confluence of the Ganges and Yamuna with the mythical Sarasvati, merging into the holiest of holy places on the Ganges. Kumbh Mela, Allahabad, January 21, 2007.



Spirit and light

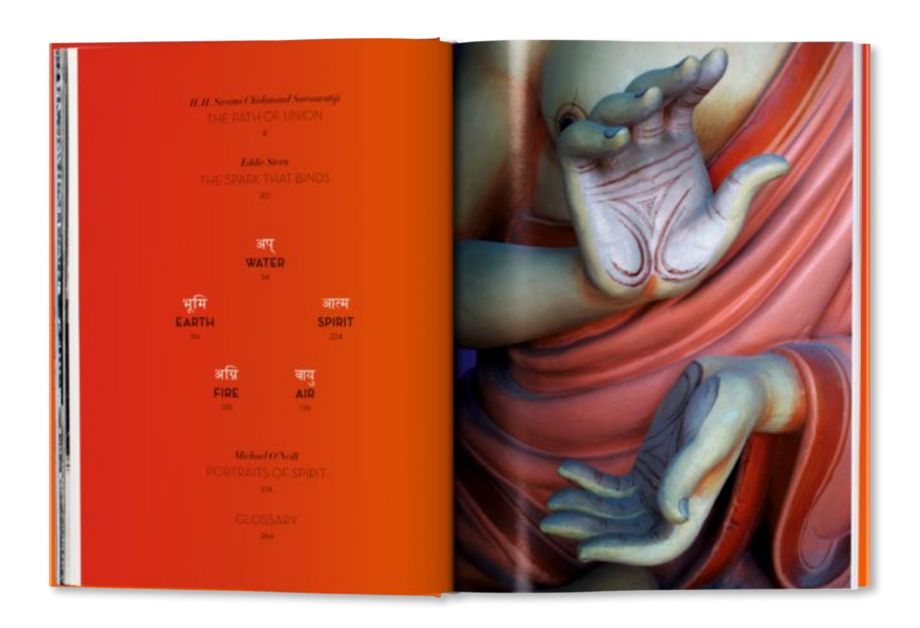
A celebration of the history and global phenomenon of yoga

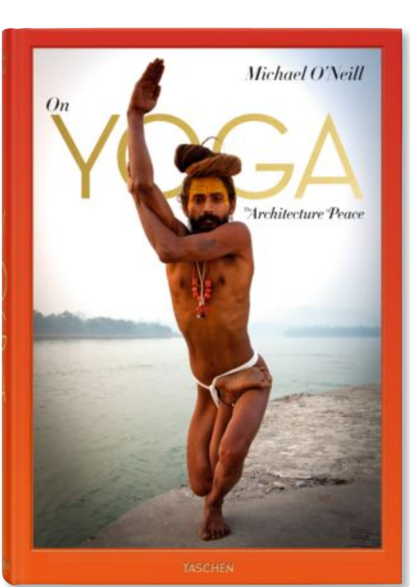


Above: Embracing yoga. Happy Michael O'Neill with the first copies of his YOGA book. Om!
Opposite: In photographing people practicing yoga, I realized that I'm as interested in the subject's perfection of intention and energy, as in their perfection of form. Rajender Dhobal. Lake Manasarovar, Tibet (the holiest lake to four religions), June 2006.

This extraordinary body of work tells the story of yoga as it's never been told before. With almost 200 images, it traces the journey of Michael O'Neill, the photographer and yogi who spent a decade traversing America and India to capture the essence of yoga as a physical, spiritual, and mindful practice. From some of the most influential yogis of our time such as B. K. S. Iyengar, Shri K. Pattabhi Jois, and Colleen Saidman, to boys practicing the little known discipline of Mallakhamba at the wrestling grounds of Kochi, O'Neill's images celebrate both the rich lineage and the modern global community of yoga. The pictures are illuminated with stories from his travels and essays by meditation master H. H. Swami Chidanand Saraswatiji and Ashtanga guru Eddie Stern.

"This book brings a new experience of yoga to its readers. As they witness union in the images—unions of light and dark, artist and subject, form and motion, life and death—they will experience… a blossoming of union, of true yoga, within themselves." — H. H. Swami Chidanand Saraswatiji





XL

Michael O'Neill. On Yoga: The Architecture of Peace
Eddie Stern, H.H. Swami Chidanand Saraswatiji
Hardcover with fold-outs, 26.7 x 37.4 cm (10.5 x 14.7 in.), 290 pp.
$ 69.99 / € 49.99 / £ 44.99



A peek inside James Henry's...



and José Avillez's fridge

The first female chef to obtain three Michelin stars outside of France, Annie Féolde eats most days in her restaurant in Florence but always has a few staples in her fridge: ham and mozzarella, mayonnaise and tom yum paste, anchovies, caviar, and anchovy cream. "You can do great stuff with this, like salad sauces."

Annie Féolde





TUSCAN BEANS

Serves 6

300g (11 oz.) cannellini beans
Olive oil
Salt
Freshly ground black pepper (optional)

Cover beans by two inches with cold water and let soak for 12 hours. Drain and rinse beans. Transfer to a large saucepan. Add 900ml (4 cups) water, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to a simmer, and cook until beans are tender, about 2 hours. To avoid breaking the beans, simmer very gently. Drain beans. Season with a good drizzle of olive oil, salt, and, if you like, freshly ground black pepper.

James Henry

James Henry, the most punk rock of Paris' new wave of chefs, learned to cook in part-time jobs in his native Australia. The under-the-counter fridge he shares with his roommates is pure utility; almost half full of beer, bottles of vodka and cough syrup, salted Sicilian anchovies, and industrial goat cheese.



PENNE WITH KOHLRABI LEAVES AND STRACCIATELLA

Serves 4

60ml (4 Tbsp.) olive oil, divided
2 shallots, minced
2 cloves garlic, minced
3 small dried red chilies
6 best-quality anchovy filets
400g (14 oz.) penne pasta, preferably Martelli brand
100g (3.5 oz.) kohlrabi leaves, chopped
½ lemon, juiced
100g (3.5 oz.) stracciatella cheese, roughly chopped

Heat 30 ml (2 Tbsp.) olive oil in a large pan over medium heat. Add shallots, garlic, and chilies, and sauté. When the garlic begins to color, add anchovy filets, and continue to cook until they melt. Meanwhile, cook penne until al dente. Drain penne, reserving 150ml of the cooking water. Add kohlrabi leaves to the pan with shallot-anchovy mixture, and sauté over medium heat until leaves start to soften. Add some of the reserved cooking water to loosen the vegetables; cook until liquid is slightly reduced. Add penne and toss vigorously. Finish with remaining olive oil, lemon juice, and stracciatella. Remove dried chilies and discard.



José Avillez

Portugal's most enterprising and media savvy chef sees himself as a harbinger of traditional Portuguese cooking with a contemporary twist. His pristine fridge abounds in seasonal produce; ocean perch and sheep's milk cheese, cherries from his neighbor, and lamb tripe sausage.





SHRIMP
WITH GARLIC, LEMON,
AND CORIANDER (CILANTRO)
(À BULHÃO PATO)

Serves 4

800g (1⅔ lbs.) medium shrimp, peeled, deveined
6g (1 tsp.) salt
30ml (2 Tbsp.) olive oil
50g (2 oz.) garlic, peeled, thinly sliced
80ml (⅓ cup) white wine
4 mint leaves, thinly sliced
1 bunch coriander (cilantro) sprigs
with tender stems, chopped
Lemon juice

Season shrimp lightly with salt. Heat olive oil over low heat in a nonstick skillet. Add garlic and sauté for 30 seconds, being careful so that it doesn't brown. Add shrimp and gently sauté, flipping them often so that they cook evenly. Stir in white wine, mint, coriander (cilantro), and remove from the heat. Squeeze fresh lemon juice over shrimp, to taste. Check the seasoning, and add a little more salt if necessary.

Fatéma Hal

A culinary hero in both her native Morocco and her adoptive France, Fatéma Hal reserves Sundays and Mondays for home dining. Her fridge is a mix of staples such as organic honeys, store bought pickles, and sweet peppers, mingled with absinthe leaves, North African figs, and Moroccan saffron.



CHICKEN TAGINE
WITH FIGS AND ALMONDS

Serves 6–8

120ml (8 Tbsp.) olive oil, divided
1.5 kg (3 lbs.) chicken, preferably free-range, broken down into pieces
3 small onions, minced
2 garlic cloves, smashed
5ml (1 tsp.) ginger, minced
5 saffron threads
2ml (½ tsp.) salt
1 bunch coriander (cilantro), chopped
750ml (3 cups plus 3 Tbsp.) water, divided
500g (1.1 lbs.) dried figs
100g (6.6 Tbsp.) sugar
5ml (1 tsp.) cinnamon
100g (7 Tbsp.) butter
100g (3½ oz.) blanched almonds
10g (.35 oz.) sesame seeds
1 dried rose bud (for serving)

Heat 60ml (4 Tbsp.) olive oil in a large cast-iron skillet or Dutch oven over medium heat. Add chicken pieces, onion, garlic, ginger, saffron, salt, and coriander (cilantro). Add 500ml (2 cups plus 2 Tbsp.) water and cook 30 minutes, stirring occasionally.

While the chicken is cooking, prepare figs and almonds. Place figs, 250ml (1 cup plus 1 Tbsp.) water, sugar, cinnamon, and butter in small saucepan. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat to low, and simmer 20 minutes or until sauce has reduced and has a honey-like consistency. Slice figs. Heat 15ml (1 Tbsp.) olive oil in a small skillet and toast the almonds. Remove almonds and let cool.

Remove chicken from skillet, reserving broth. Heat remaining olive oil in a large skillet, and brown chicken parts, working in batches if necessary. Place on a large serving dish, and spoon broth over. Top chicken with sliced figs, toasted almonds, and sesame seeds. Place rose decoratively in the center of the dish.



I ♥ LA
I ♥ NY
Japan
BEVERLY HILLS
Taillefine
Fraise
LA GRANDE

HAUTE CUISINE COMES HOME

The inner sanctum of Europe's most creative chefs

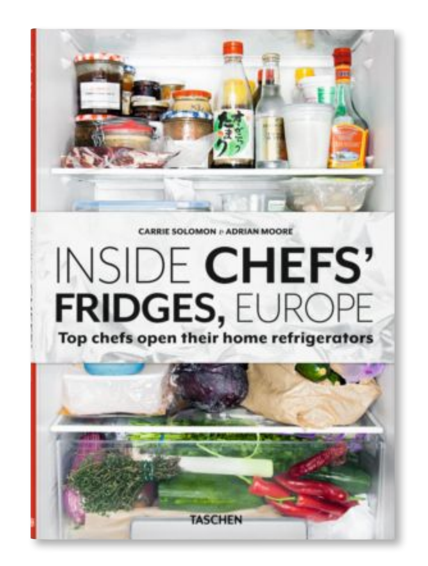
"We've been to the bistro chef's sparsely decorated bachelor pad and been privy to the palatial residences of eminent culinary stars. The result of our quest? A revelatory new series in which world-class stars of the kitchen reveal their staple ingredients, their favorite local flavors, and their most dependable home recipes. Through classic masters and self taught iconoclasts, call in on the gurus of gourmet and let culinary genius meet domestic reality."

— Carrie Solomon, Adrian Moore



Ours is the era of the celebrity chef. Like never before, we're fascinated by fine food and the personalities who create it. Newspapers follow the antics of our favorite cooks in and out of the kitchen, bake-offs become hit TV shows, and chef-owned restaurants have queues trailing round the block. Amid the frenzy, the world of creative dining can end up feeling far removed from hungry, weary evenings after work, or a gaggle of grouchy kids wanting a snack after soccer.

How to inject those tasty flavors into your hectic schedule? Like no other culinary series, *Inside Chefs' Fridges* brings the heavenly cuisine back down to earth with profiles of the home fridges of the world's most innovative and interesting chefs. Enter the inner sanctum of culinary creativity, as each chef's profile reveals their dependable fridge contents, their staple ingredients, and their personal food habits, as well as their most treasured home recipes.



Inside Chefs' Fridges. Europe
Top chefs open their home refrigerators
Carrie Solomon, Adrian Moore
Hardcover, 21 x 30 cm (8.3 x 1.8 in.), 328 pp.
$ 49.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99

OL' BLUE EYES IS BACK

Gay Talese's seminal essay on Frank Sinatra, printed for the first time in letterpress, with pictures from Phil Stern

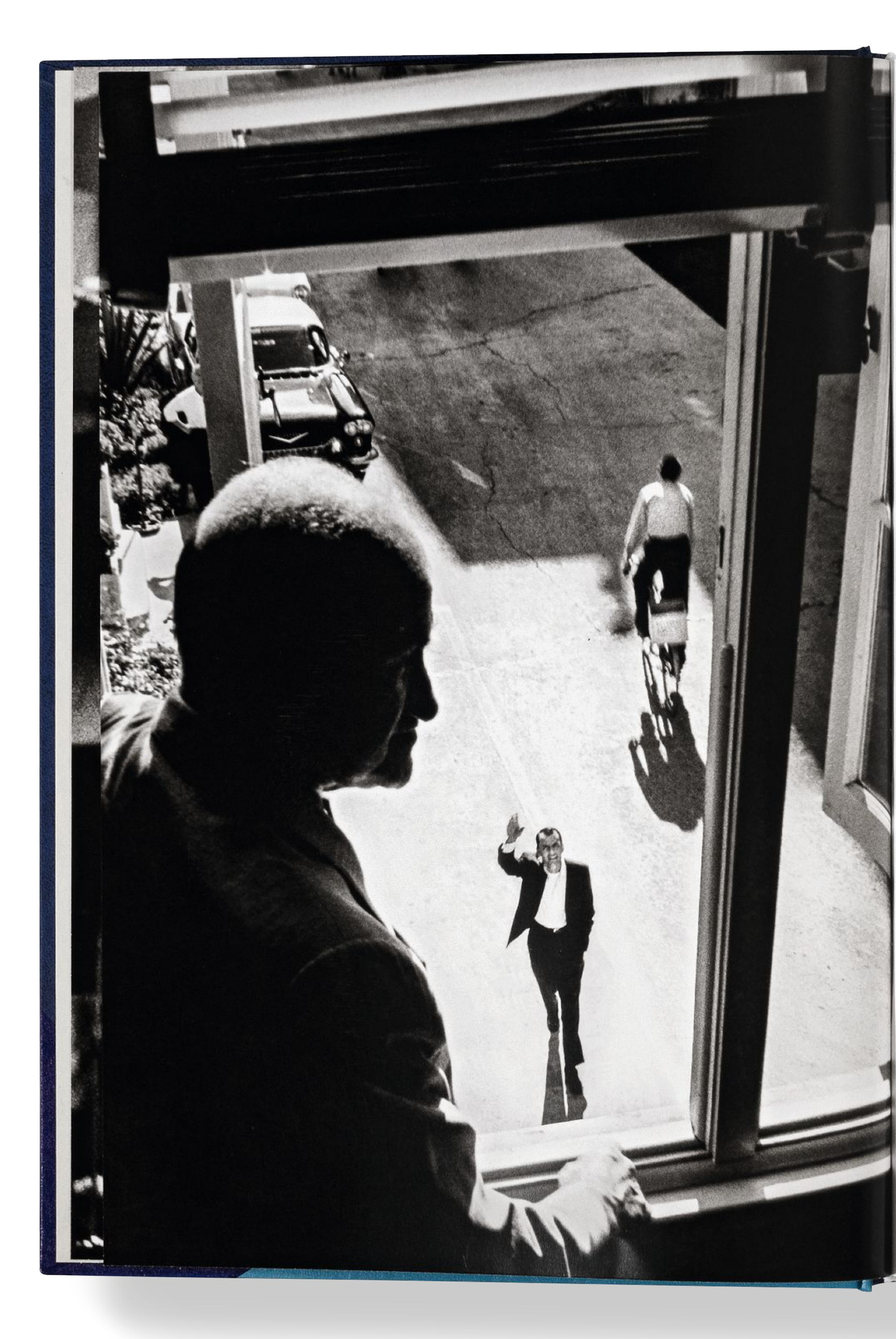


Frank Sinatra in front of his Learjet with fellow Rat Pack member Dean Martin, 1965. Photo: John Bryson.

"He is the champ who made the big comeback, the man who had everything, lost it, then got it back, letting nothing stand in his way, doing what few men can do..."

—Gay Talese





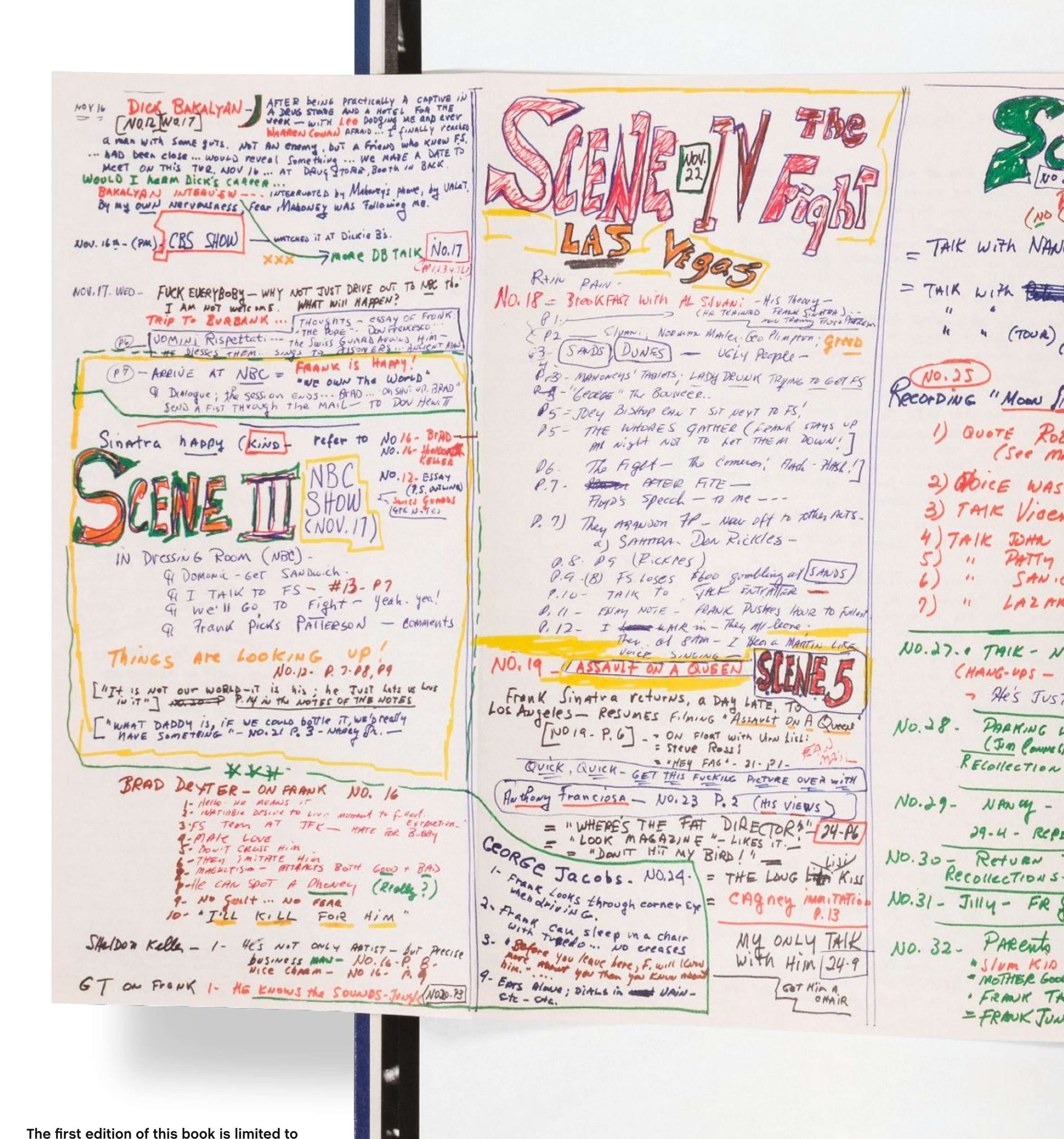
CONCEIVED BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER
EDITED BY NINA WIENER   ART DIRECTION BY JOSH BAKER

GAY TALESE

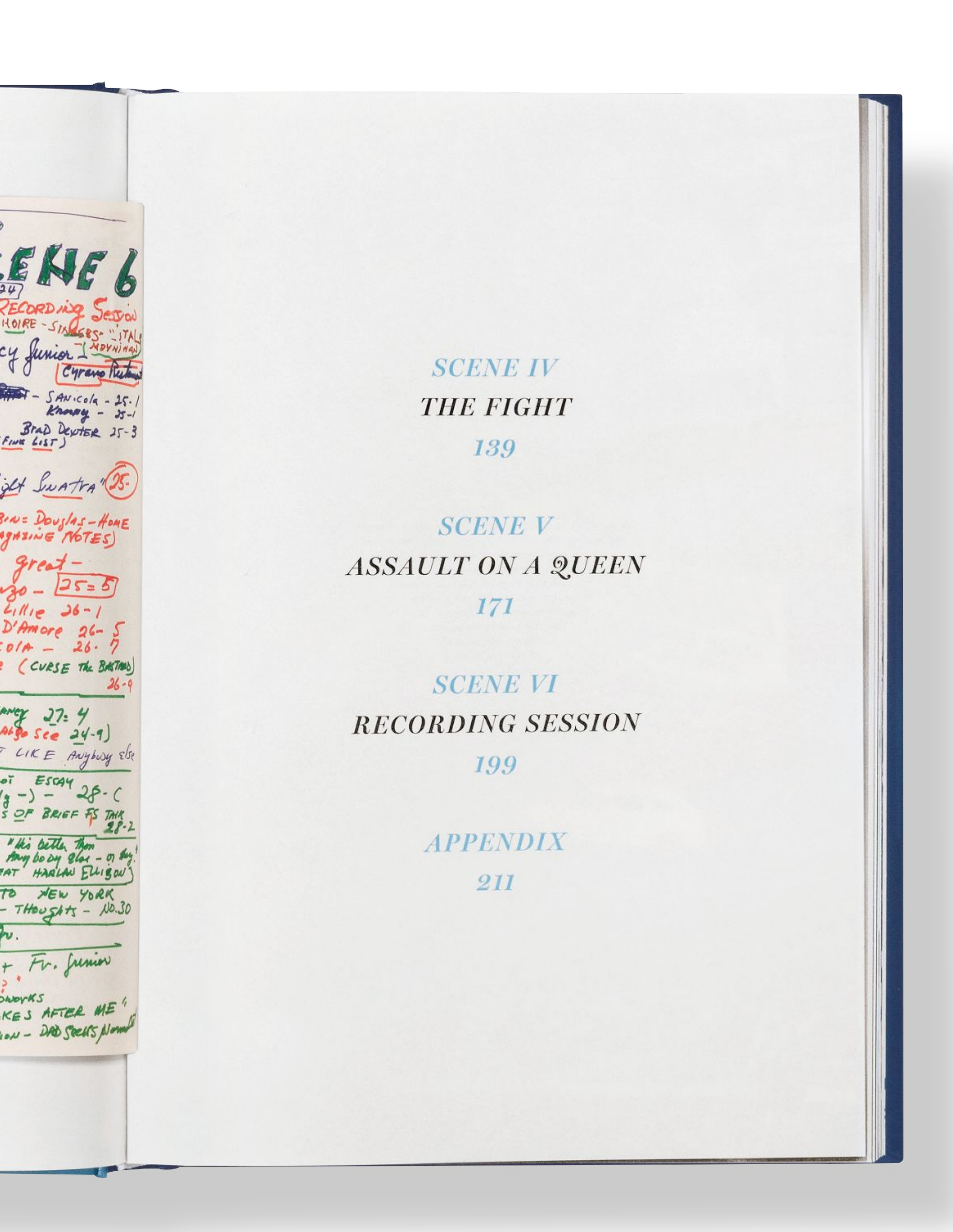
FRANK SINATRA HAS A COLD

PHIL STERN

TASCHEN



The first edition of this book is limited to 5,000 numbered copies, each hand signed by Gay Talese. The type is set in Miller Banner and letterpress printed on natural uncoated paper. Facsimile reproductions of the author's notes from November 1965 to March 1966 are tipped in at the opening of each chapter, including this colorful draft for scenes 3–6 of *Frank Sinatra Has a Cold*.


SCENE IV
THE FIGHT
139
SCENE V
ASSAULT ON A QUEEN
171
SCENE VI
RECORDING SESSION
199
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211

This chronicle is kept in an ever-expanding series of cardboard folders containing such data as the places where I and my sources had breakfast, lunch, and dinner (restaurant receipts enclosed to document my expenses); the exact time, length, locale, and subject matter of every interview; together with the agreed-upon conditions of each meeting (i.e., am I free to identify the source, or am I obliged to contact that individual later for clarification and/or clearance?). And the pages of the chronicle also include my personal impressions of the people I interviewed, their mannerisms and physical description, my assessment of their credibility, and much about my own private feelings and concerns as I work my way through each day—an intimate addendum that now, after nearly thirty years of habit, is of use to a somewhat autobiographical book I am writing; but the original intent of such admissive writing was self-clarification, reaffirming my own voice on paper after hours of concentrated listening to others, and also, not infrequently, the venting of some of the frustration felt when my research appeared to be going badly, as it certainly did in the winter of 1965 when I was unable to meet face to face with Frank Sinatra.

After trying without success to reschedule the Sinatra interview during my second week in Los Angeles (I was told that he still had a cold), I continued to meet with people who were variously employed in some of Sinatra's many business enterprises—his record company, his film company, his real estate operation, his missile parts firm, his airplane hangar—and I also saw people who were more personally associated with the singer, such as his overshadowed son, his favorite haberdasher in Beverly Hills, one of his bodyguards (an ex-pro lineman), and a little gray-haired lady who traveled with Sinatra around the country on concert tours, carrying in a satchel his sixty hairpieces.

GAY TALESE

22

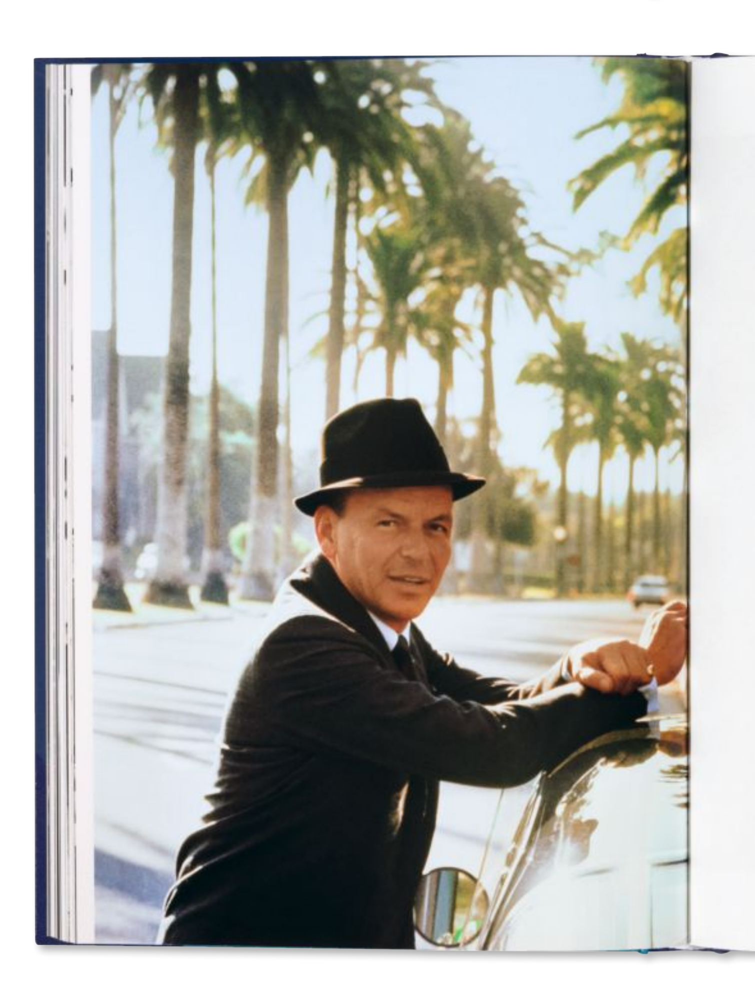
From such people I collected an assortment of facts and comments, but what I gained at first from these interviews was no particular insight or eloquent summation of Sinatra's stature; it was rather the awareness that so many of these people, who lived and worked in so many separate places, were united in the knowledge that Frank Sinatra had a cold. When I would allude to this in conversations, citing it as the reason my interview with him was being postponed, they would nod and say yes, they were aware of his cold, and they also knew from their contacts within Sinatra's inner circle that he was a most difficult man to be around when his throat was sore and his nose was running. Some of the musicians and studio technicians were delayed from working in his recording studio because of the cold, while others among his personal staff of seventy-five were not only sensitive to the effects of his ailment but they revealed examples of how volatile and short-tempered he had been all week because he was unable to meet his singing standards. And one evening in my hotel, I wrote in the chronicle:

> *...it is a few nights before Sinatra's recording session, but his voice is weak, sore and uncertain. Sinatra is ill. He is a victim of an ailment so common that most people would consider it trivial. But when it gets to Sinatra it can plunge him into a state of anguish, deep depression, panic, even rage. Frank Sinatra has a cold.*
>
> *Sinatra with a cold is Picasso without paint, Ferrari without fuel—only worse. For the common cold robs Sinatra of that uninsurable jewel, his voice, cutting into the core of his confidence, and it affects not only his own psyche but also seems to cause a kind of psychosomatic nasal drip within dozens of people who work for him, drink with him, love him, depend on him for their own welfare and stability.*
>
> *A Sinatra with a cold can, in a small way, send vibrations through the entertainment industry and beyond as surely as a President of the United States, suddenly sick, can shake the national economy...*

The next morning I received a call from Frank Sinatra's public relations director. "I hear you're all over town seeing Frank's friends, taking Frank's friends to dinner," he began, almost accusingly.

INTRODUCTION

23



FRANK SINATRA RETURNED
TO LOS ANGELES, A LOVELY
CITY OF SUN AND SEX, . . .
A STAR LAND OF LITTLE MEN
AND LITTLE WOMEN SLIDING IN
AND OUT OF CONVERTIBLES
IN TENSE TIGHT PANTS.

— GAY TALESE

PAGE On the Paramount Studios lot during the filming of *Come Blow Your Horn*, 1963 (William Read Woodfield)

OPPOSITE AND ABOVE Sinatra kids with *Ocean's 11* director Lewis Milestone and Billy Wilder (in glasses) on the MGM backlot; Angie Dickinson and Sammy Davis Jr. exit, ca. 1958

PHIL STERN

HIS CHILDHOOD WAS ONE
OF LONELINESS AND A
DRIVE TOWARD ATTENTION,
AND SINCE ATTAINING IT
HE HAS NEVER AGAIN BEEN
CERTAIN OF SOLITUDE.

— GAY TALESE

SCENE

VI

RECORDING SESSION

100

He stands , fanned in fron of him are the musicians, and behin him a selectaudience (friendsof musicians, family); and he is enveloped in this area, the Voice...the star.....the jokes. He is in control; he is , unlike in an interview,he is on foreign territory; he cannot control the interviews' misunderstandin , misquotations, he is at the mercy of another man's competence or incompetence; but Sintra, theperfectionist, has completely control at he reco dingsession...andif he i...it is not good, they do it again, and again, and again, and this leaves nothing tochance.

THE HOME

And so ..he can react to his own spontaneiety; they are straight men...and he is out there, re orin...singing...his oice booming through all the e marvelous scienticific things...

"Let's try one," he called into recording...

Nancy walks in. They play the record back. She listens. She is happy; father and d daughter sit, shoulder to shoulder, at Nelson Riddle's band pon podium; listen, look at their feet, lisenting.... They like. It is over, they like, they smile. She isproud.the princess, daughter of the Kin , They are elthy.rich

HE IS HEARD!

5) THE RECORDING SESSION — HERE IS THE 'HOME' — HE IS

All or nothing at all

Gay Talese recalls how he turned a cancelled interview into a triumph of New Journalism



During the winter of 1965 I recall being sent to Los Angeles by *Esquire* for an interview with Frank Sinatra, which the singer's publicist had arranged earlier with the magazine's editor. But after I had checked into the Beverly Wilshire, had reserved a rental car in the hotel garage, and had spent the evening of my arrival digesting a thick pack of background material on Sinatra, I received a call from Sinatra's office saying that my scheduled interview the next afternoon would not take place.

Mr. Sinatra was very upset by the latest headlines in the press about his alleged Mafia connections, the caller explained, adding that Mr. Sinatra was also suffering from a head cold that threatened to postpone a recording date later in the week at a studio where I had hoped to observe the singer at work. Perhaps when Mr. Sinatra was feeling better, the caller went on, and perhaps if I would also submit my interview to the Sinatra office prior to its publication, an interview could be rescheduled.

After commiserating about Mr. Sinatra's cold and the news items about the Mafia, I politely explained that I was obliged to honor my editor's right to being the first judge of my work; but I did ask if I might telephone the Sinatra office later in the week on the chance that his health and spirits might then be so improved that he would grant me a brief visit. I could call, Sinatra's representative said, but he could promise nothing.

For the rest of the week, after apprising Harold Hayes, the *Esquire* editor, of the situation, I arranged to interview a few actors and musicians, studio executives and record producers, restaurant owners and female acquaintances who had known Sinatra in one way or another through the years. From most of these people, I got something: a tiny nugget of information here, a bit of color there, small pieces for a large mosaic that I hoped would reflect the man who for decades had commanded the spotlight and had cast long shadows across the fickle industry of entertainment and the American consciousness.

As I proceeded with my interviews, I rarely, if ever, removed a pen and pad from my pocket, and I certainly would not have considered using a tape recorder had I owned one. To have done so would have possibly inhibited these individuals' candor, or would have otherwise altered the relaxed, trusting, and forthcoming atmosphere that I believe was encouraged by my seemingly less assiduous research manner and the promise that, however retentive I considered my memory to be, I would not identifiably attribute or quote anything told me without first checking back with the source for confirmation and clarification.

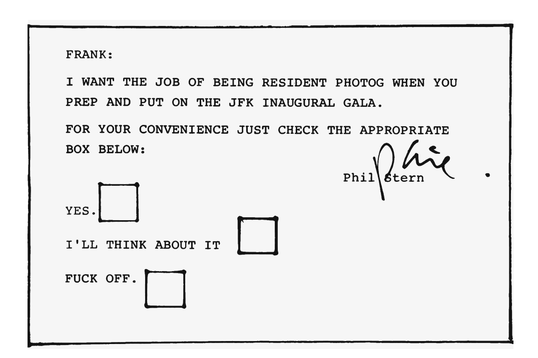
After trying without success to reschedule the Sinatra interview during my second week in Los Angeles (I was told that he still had a cold), I continued to meet with people who were variously employed in some of Sinatra's many business enterprises—his record company, his film company, his real estate operation, his missile parts firm, his airplane hangar—and I also saw people who were more personally associated with the singer, such as his overshadowed son, his favorite haberdasher in Beverly Hills, one of his bodyguards (an ex–pro lineman), and a little gray-haired lady who traveled with Sinatra around the country on concert

"After I had checked into the Beverly Wilshire, I received a call from Sinatra's office saying that our interview would not take place."

tours, carrying in a satchel his sixty hairpieces.

In total, I stayed another three weeks and ran up expenses close to $5,000, taking people out each day to lunch and dinner. I returned to New York, and then took another six weeks to organize and write a fifty-five-page article that was largely

Above: Phil Stern, whose photographs of Sinatra accompany Talese's text in its new TASCHEN edition, sits atop James Dean's motorcycle. Sunset Boulevard near Laurel Canyon, Los Angeles, March 1955.


FRANK:

I WANT THE JOB OF BEING RESIDENT PHOTOG WHEN YOU PREP AND PUT ON THE JFK INAUGURAL GALA.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE JUST CHECK THE APPROPRIATE BOX BELOW:

Phil Stern

YES. ☐

I'LL THINK ABOUT IT ☐

FUCK OFF. ☐

"While I was never given the opportunity to sit down and speak with Frank Sinatra, this fact is perhaps one of the strengths of the article."

drawn from a two-hundred-page chronicle that represented interviews with more than one hundred people and described Sinatra in such places as a bar in Beverly Hills (where he got into a fight), a casino in Las Vegas (where he lost a small fortune at blackjack), and the NBC studio in Burbank (where, after recovering from the cold, he retaped the show and sang beautifully). While I was never given the opportunity to sit down and speak alone with Frank Sinatra, this fact is perhaps one of the strengths of the article. What could he or would he have said (being among the most guarded of public figures) that would have revealed him better than an observing writer watching him in action, seeing him in stressful situations, listening and lingering along the sidelines of his life?

This method of lingering and careful listening and describing scenes that offer insight into the individual's character and personality—a method that came to be called the New Journalism—was, at its best, really fortified by the "Old Journalism's" principles of tireless legwork and fidelity to factual accuracy. As time-consuming and financially costly as it was, it was this research that marked my Sinatra piece and dozens of other magazine articles that I published during the 1960s.

Above: Like Gay Talese, photographer Phil Stern was aware of Sinatra's notoriously elusive nature. **Below**: At home in his "bunker," Gay Talese autographs the signing pages for *Frank Sinatra Has a Cold*, New York, 2015. Photo: Jeremiah Wilson.



42nd Street, New York City, c. 1960 Photo: Burt Glinn.

Gay Talese's crystalline portrait of Frank Sinatra, first published in 1966, combined faithful fact with vivid storytelling in a triumph of New Journalism, revealing as much about celebrity at large as it did about Sinatra himself.

In this Collector's Edition, *Frank Sinatra Has a Cold* is published in letterpress, complete with an introduction by Gay Talese and facsimile reproductions of manuscript pages, correspondence, and other papers from the author's archive.

The text is brought to life with pictures from the legendary lens of Phil Stern, the only photographer granted access to Sinatra over four decades (from the 1940s to '70s)—along with classic moments from top photojournalists of the '60s, including John Bryson, John Dominis, and Terry O'Neill.

Gay Talese. Phil Stern.
Frank Sinatra Has a Cold
Principle photography by Phil Stern
Silkscreened hardcover in a slipcase, letterpress-printed text, two different paper stocks, plus tip-ins and a fold-out, 24 x 34 cm (9.4 x 13.4 in.), 244 pp.

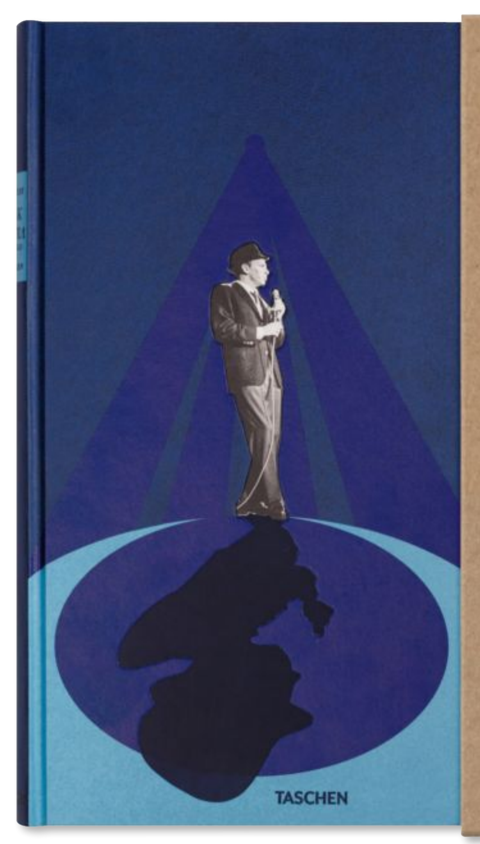
Collector's Edition of 5,000 numbered copies, each signed by Gay Talese.

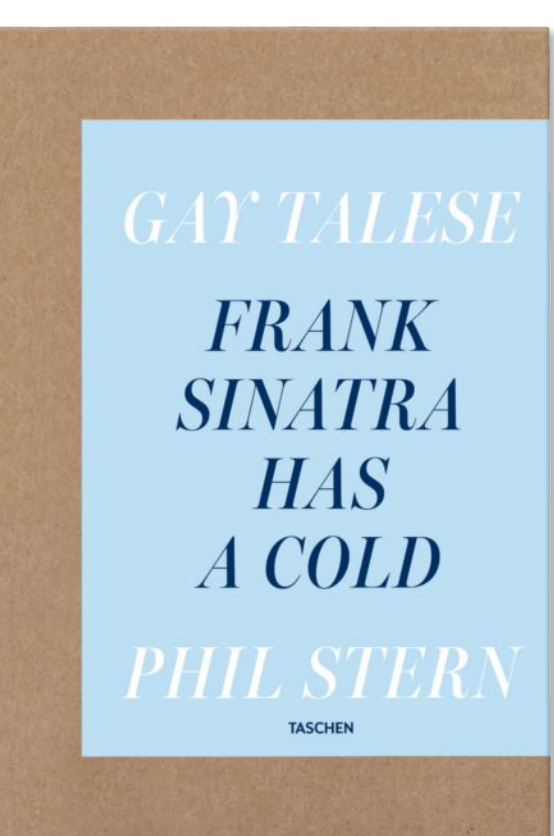
TASCHEN's literary books take great works of nonfiction and pair them with photography from the golden age of photojournalism.
Further titles will include *The Fight* by Norman Mailer, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and *The Right Stuff* by Tom Wolfe, and *The Fire Next Time* by James Baldwin.

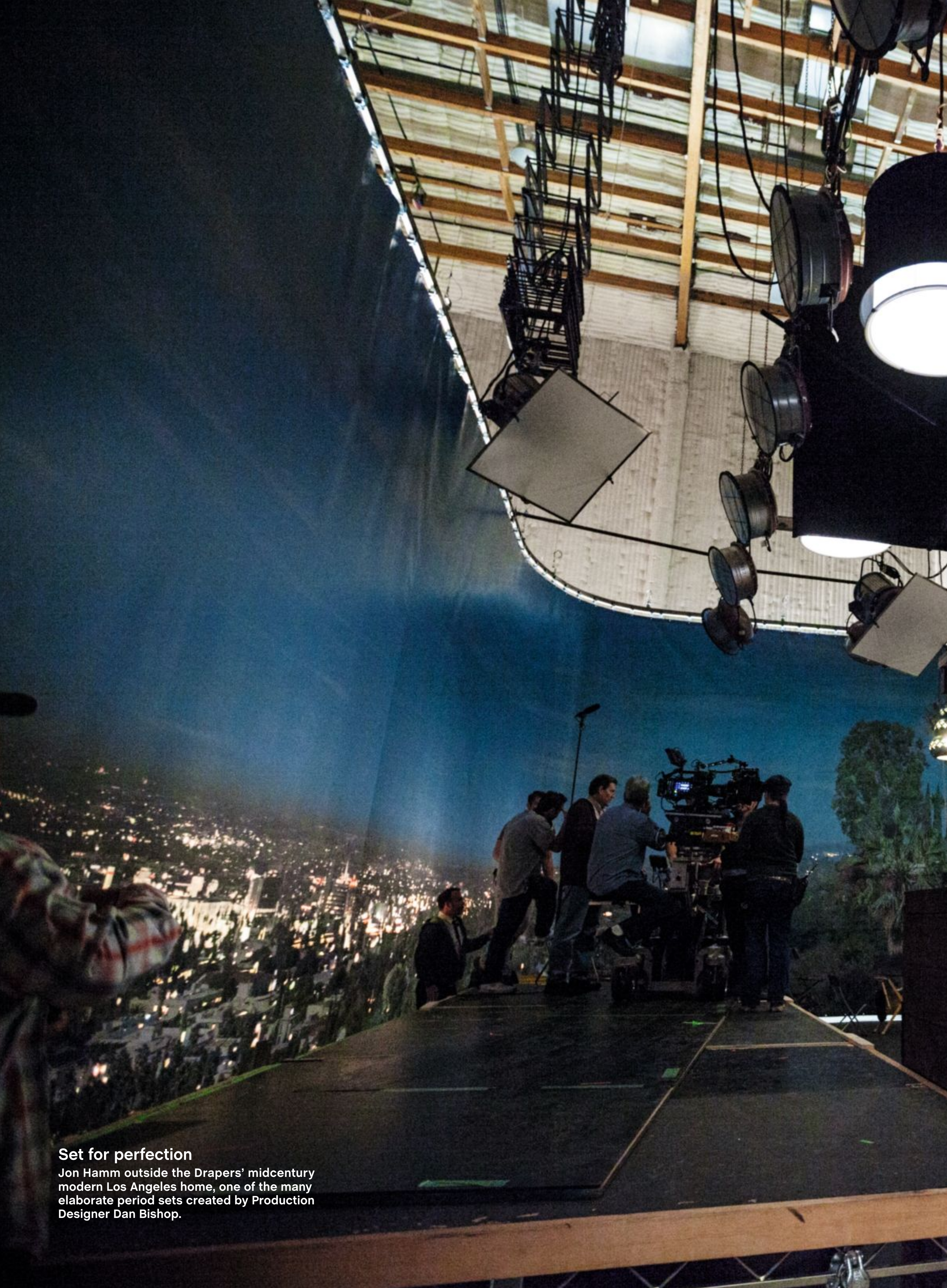
- Limited edition signed by Gay Talese
- Silkscreened hardcover with an embossed paper case
- The text is letterpress printed on a natural uncoated paper
- Facsimile reproductions of Gay Talese's original storyboard and manuscript pages

$ 200 / € 200 / £ 150









Set for perfection

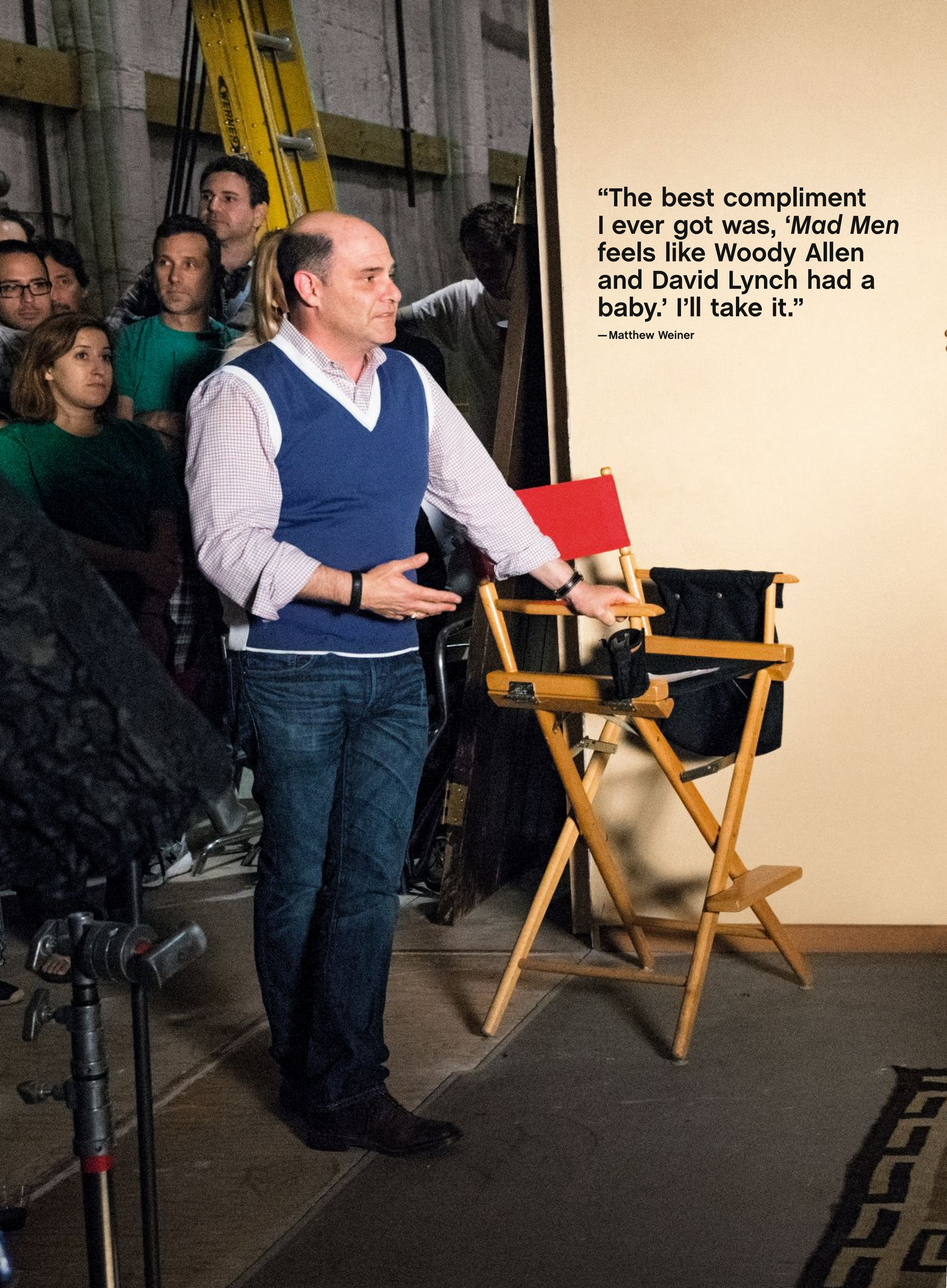
Jon Hamm outside the Drapers' midcentury modern Los Angeles home, one of the many elaborate period sets created by Production Designer Dan Bishop.



“We’re flawed because we want so much more. We’re ruined because we get these things and wish for what we had.”

— Don Draper from “The Summer Man,” Season Four, Episode Eight

Inside Matthew Weiner’s MADMEN



“The best compliment I ever got was, ‘*Mad Men* feels like Woody Allen and David Lynch had a baby.’ I’ll take it.”

—Matthew Weiner



Matthew Weiner directs John Hamm
on the last day of filming the show's finale, "Person to Person," July 3, 2014.

Madison Avenue magic

The twists, turns, and talents that make *Mad Men*
Excerpted from the exclusive interview with Matthew Weiner by J.C. Gabel

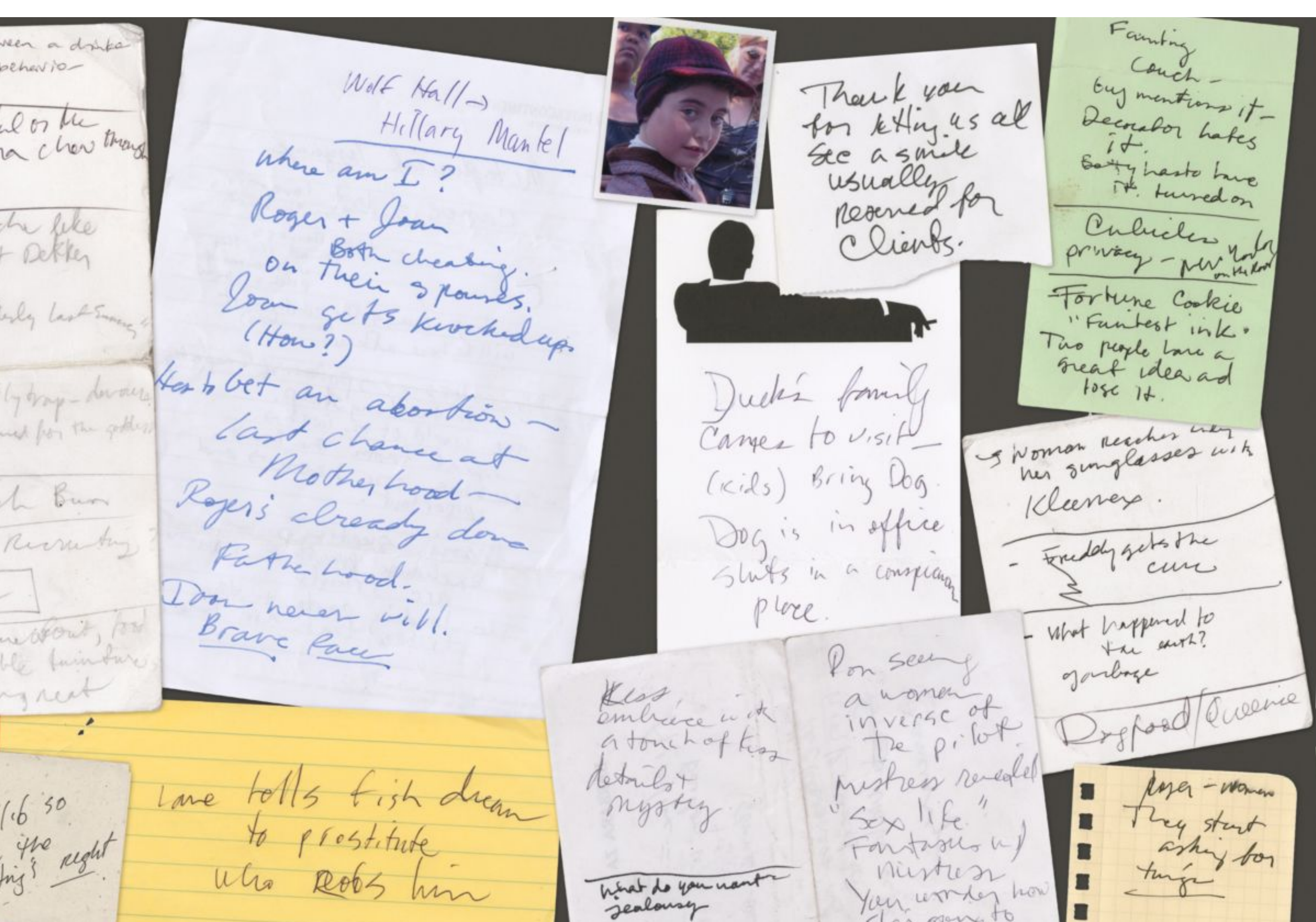
"When a man walks into a room, he brings his whole life with him. He has a million reasons for being anywhere. Just ask him. If you listen, he'll tell you how he got there. How he forgot where he was going and then he woke up. If you listen. He'll tell you about the time he thought he was an angel or dreamt of being perfect. And then he'll smile with wisdom, content that he realized the world isn't perfect. We're flawed because we want so much more. We're ruined because we get these things and wish for what we had."

— Don Draper from "The Summer Man," Season Four, Episode Eight

Making Mad Men

The pilot of *Mad Men* got me the job on *The Sopranos*. I wrote the pilot while I was working on a sitcom called *Becker*. I was not happy with what I was doing or I wouldn't have written *Mad Men*. It was so different than my job and I wrote it at night for free. There was no studio, no check, no one to pitch it to. There was nothing. Literally, it was "Here is a script. Can I sell it already in existence?" I knew I couldn't pitch it. I tried a couple of times and everybody responded, "What? You work in TV, do you ever watch it? Good luck executing that..." because it was a period piece that was very internal and it sounded to them like there was nothing commercial about it. Once we made it there was nothing commercial about it either, because it had no stars. It's hard to explain on the A side of it. Period pieces are expensive. It's all about cigarettes—the main character is cheating on his wife. I can't even tell you how many things about it are not commercially appealing to people. Plus the fact, then as now, that American television and film seems to be driven by foreign sales, which I don't even understand because we have so many people here, and we spend so much money. The feeling was that it was

Notes originally appeared in *Esopus 20: Special Collections*.
Design by Tod Lippy, © The Esopus Foundation Ltd.





Above: Behind the scenes of a TV masterwork Donald Draper (Jon Hamm) behind Chris Manley's camera during the filming of "In Care Of," the finale of Season Six, in 2013.
Below: Creator and showrunner Matthew Weiner's notes.

so American no one in the world would ever be interested in it, but I thought "This is the America everybody loves."

I have a certain sense about who I am as a writer, what I have to say, what makes a story, and what an intelligent audience understands. I ended up looking through my notes and finding very little in terms of ideas I had when I was writing the pilot, but I came across a different script that I had written and abandoned in the '90s. 80 pages long, it was called *The Horse Shoe*, and centered on this guy, Peter Whitman, and how the generation that grew up during the Great Depression had come to rule the country.

It was the journey of a transformative person, this American archetype like Jay Gatsby, who was able to change his personality and was based on these biographies I had read of people like Sam Walton, Bill Clinton, Rockefeller, Lee Iacocca… self-made people who were running the country at the time. I imagined that I would tell the story sort of in flashbacks, although I never ended up writing that part of it. I just told the narrative of his life, imagining that it would climax with the millennium when those people were running the country.

I had abandoned this script sometime in 1996 or 1997. I started looking through it and the last page read "Ossining, 1960." At least four years had passed between when I abandoned the script and when I wrote the *Mad Men* pilot, and then another three before AMC was interested but I was obviously still interested in this guy, and I said, "Oh my god. That's who Don Draper is. He is that guy." I pitched them this story. The last scene in the thing before "Ossining, 1960" was him witnessing his own funeral, which we did toward the end of Season One.

A lot of those flashbacks are rewritten versions of things that were in that script — the hobo, the half brother, the identity



swap in Korea, the silo being burned down, the father being kicked in the face by a horse—all of that was in the screenplay I wrote during those unemployed years when I was out of film school. Pitching them that story for the first season—that he's not really Don Draper—got them excited to do the show.

The Evolution of Don Draper

I loved advertising, and was interested in the '50s, because of the maturity and intellectual idealism in American culture then. The popular mass culture was very intellectual. *Catch-22* was on the best-sellers list. People were expected to be educated.

Advertising was also a huge part of the culture with ad men totally admired as a kind of rock stars of the period. It embodies an American fantasy about having a creative job where you make money. Also, the idea of advertising as a reflection of the culture and not necessarily a leader in the culture was interesting and I identified with the personalities and the era.

This whole generation that comes out of the war; that's been born during the Great Depression from rural poverty—this is the generation of leadership that came about in the United States. It's one where you have to completely invent yourself. You can go to New York, the place where anybody can be anything, even if you're foreign. There are very few places in the world where you can be the son of a minister from West Virginia and end up a magnate without striking oil. You can talk your way into success.

This sense of privation, and this dark dual identity of having been through the war inform the character, like all film noir characters,, "Okay, I'm here, I'm solving crimes. Or: I'm here and I'm trying to find a woman. Or: I'm here just trying to do my job, but I have this dark past."

I started reading biographies and

Left and opposite: Janey Bryant's concept sketch and fabric swatch for Joan Holloway's (Christina Hendricks's) now-famous red dress, seen in "Babylon," Season One, Episode Six, and this promotional still.
Below: Executive producer Scott Hornbacher directed nine episodes over the show's run, including "Time Zones," Season Seven's premiere; Hornbacher is on location with director of photography Christopher Manley as they capture Don's arrival in Los Angeles to meet wife Megan (Jessica Paré).

constructing this world of someone maturing then where a man could pick up and leave at any moment, because his identity was so fluid that he could survive anywhere. And no matter what, that poor kid raised in a whorehouse in rural Pennsylvania, orphaned, in the midst of a revolution, on the verge of Communism, Socialism, Nazism, and everything else that was going on in the United States, would carry that with him. There would be some battle going on all the time, as most men have, and as I had at that point in my life. I was 35 years old. Why had I been given these two contradictory drives: to be an adventurous pirate sailing the world, and to be a father and a husband? Those two things went against each other. That's really the drive for the main character-that dark past and dual identity. I didn't realize that there was literally a dual identity until later on. The pilot was all about identity and that generation.



I've heard people say, "My dad never said a word and now I get it." It doesn't mean he didn't have any feelings. It means he didn't know how to talk to people. "My dad does not know how to express love," or whatever.

I always felt Sally Draper was an entrée to the whole audience, not just the people who were children during this period—it's an instant premise. The child doesn't know what is going on. Everything is ironic.

The Sixties and the Golden Age of Television

Television is a collaborative art form, but here's what's interesting: even with different directors and writers on each episode, nothing is done differently. Your job as a TV writer is to be a mimic. The contributions of the writers really come at the story stage. The actual script, no matter whose name is on it, passes through my computer which accounts for the show's consistency. I rewrite constantly—although I'm sometimes talked into the first draft by people who know what's better than I do—the writers' room, and my wife. Sometimes I think I'm improving something and I'm ruining it. The writers talk me out of terrible ideas all the time, and we'll just go through and I'll rewrite every piece.

To every single person who works on the show, I say "I do not do your job, but I will be the best audience you've ever had. I see everything. When you come in with these costumes and you put that hat on, I'm going to notice it."

I try not to throw things out because they're not mine. When someone has a personal investment in something I say "fantastic" because I did not see that. I always want them to add without turning it into something that it's not. They're all here because they enjoy the creative challenges of the show and that doesn't just mean pleasing me. That means pleasing themselves. This means people have more responsibility for what they're doing on this show than on any other job they've had.

Every one of these scenes is an opportunity to tell the story including the color and the sound. I never lose sight of the fact that that's what those things are, and I really love when it adds to the story. It's not just a matter of getting it to where it was in production and getting all the noise out of it. It's "what can we do to add to this?"

One of the medium's strengths is, unlike a feature film, you don't have to resolve the story every time. In fact, it only needs to be resolved once a season. Things end and you're going to be back next week. What has happened does have repercussions. Don has had an assortment of affairs. We don't pretend that those women have never existed, but we get lulled into thinking, "Here he is with Megan. He's really trying to have his marriage." Peggy gives up her baby. Peggy slept with Pete. We don't pretend that never happened. I knew Peggy was going to be an ambitious person. She was able to be a writer. She was kind of uneducated, kind of a bumpkin. She was from Brooklyn, which is already such an antique idea because Brooklyn is the city, but I have the same attitude about New York as she does because I'm not from there. She would be a successful, powerful person, just accidentally; not that she would accidentally be ambitious, but that it would accidentally happen to her. Joan was originally a best friend for Peggy.

When I met Christina Hendricks, I knew Joan was this courtesan. One of the stories I immediately had for her was having an affair with Roger. She was a powerful woman in the office who had really gone as far as she could, and that embodied this sort of *Feminine Mystique* versus *Sex and the Single Girl* dynamic I wanted. She wasn't morally conflicted about casual sex, because a big thing about the show was that it revealed that it wasn't some taboo. The people in the '60s, despite what they told us, did not invent sex. It was going on before that.

We decided that Joan would dress like a nun and all of the sexuality of the show would be about unwrapping the package. There's the image of propriety, but if you look at her outfit—how skin-tight and tailored it is with everything hidden under there, the silhouette she has is incredibly exciting. But at the same time, it's very proper.



"Ad men were admired and kind of became these rock stars of the period. There is an American fantasy about having a creative job where you make money."

— Matthew Weiner



A Personal History

This story about success is something I didn't ever know would be interesting to me. Creative success, financial success—these are things I could pontificate on before, but having experienced them, and knowing what it's like to be afraid of losing them, and all the complexity and conflict that comes along with that—the show itself gave me that experience.

I'm more interested that Don started out the show as a man so terrified of having his identity revealed, and yet so prideful that he was willing to let it happen with Pete, and ready to get up and run away with Rachel, to being a man who has his fake name on the door to a building. What happened? He got older. Society changed. They got further away from the blacklist; they got further away from World War II, Korea and the Great Depression.

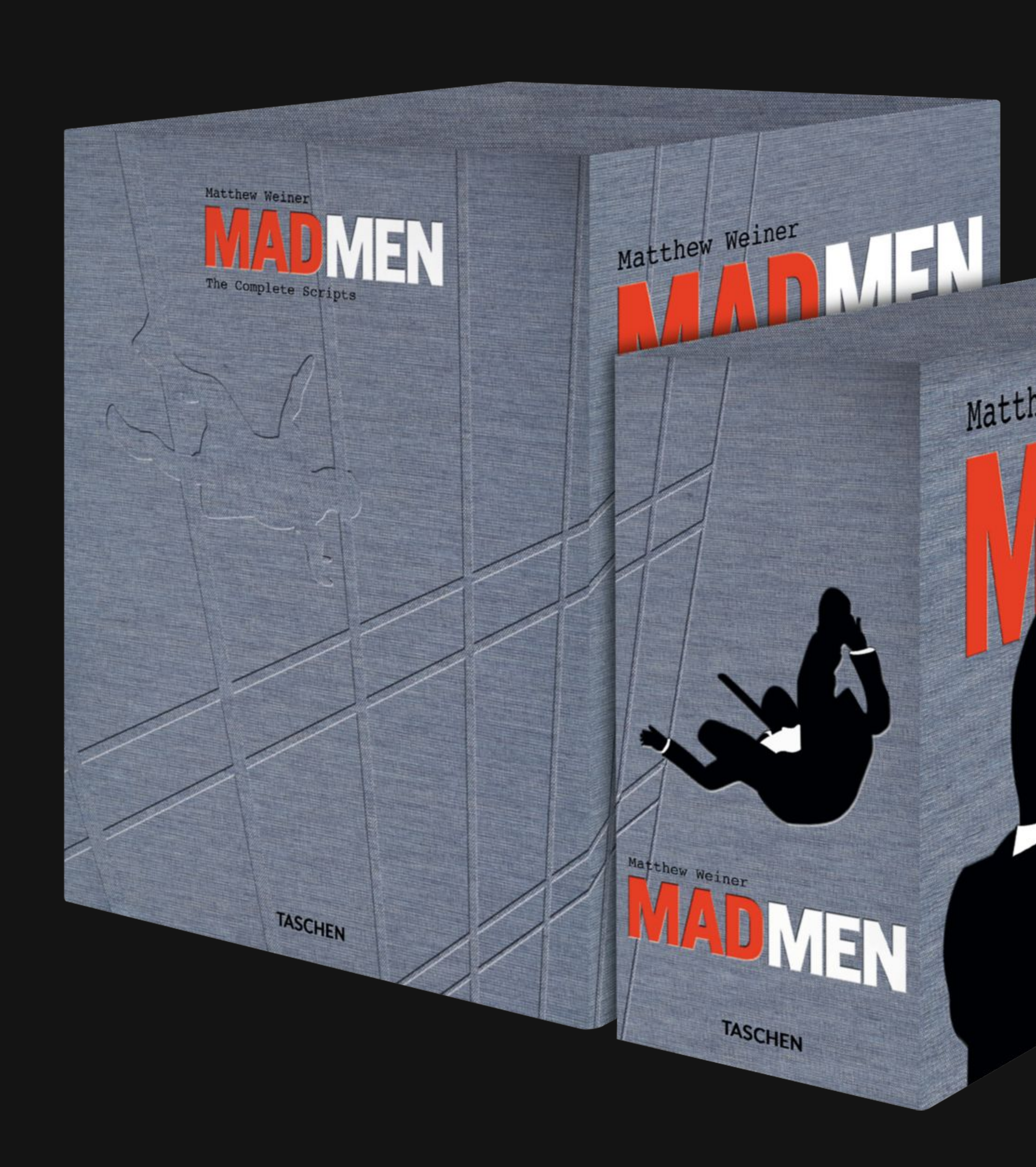
The openness of getting away with it, the acceptance of the social reality, is where you get to see a person actually change. And now he has a long string of bad behavior that's based on a kind of very complicated existential anxiety. That is exciting.

My fantasy was that the show would run for six or seven years, you would watch the last episode, then go back and watch the pilot and you would have nostalgia for their lives, even though it was all made up. Maybe you'll be thinking about where you were when you watched it, but you'd also be thinking about how much they didn't know, and how at the same time they went through all of the trials and tribulations of life.

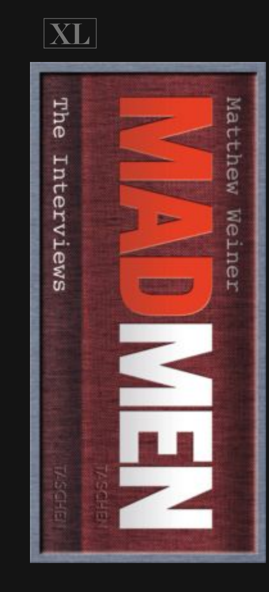
Opposite: "Do this again. Old fashioned, please." Don Draper working in a bar from the opening of the pilot episode, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."
Above: Costume Designer Janey Bryant's concept "mood" boards for the character Joan Holloway.
Below: Jon Hamm as Don Draper in a promotional photo from Season Four, 2010.

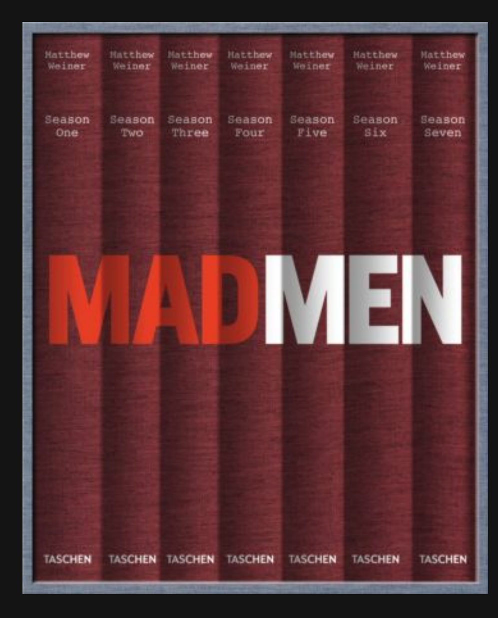
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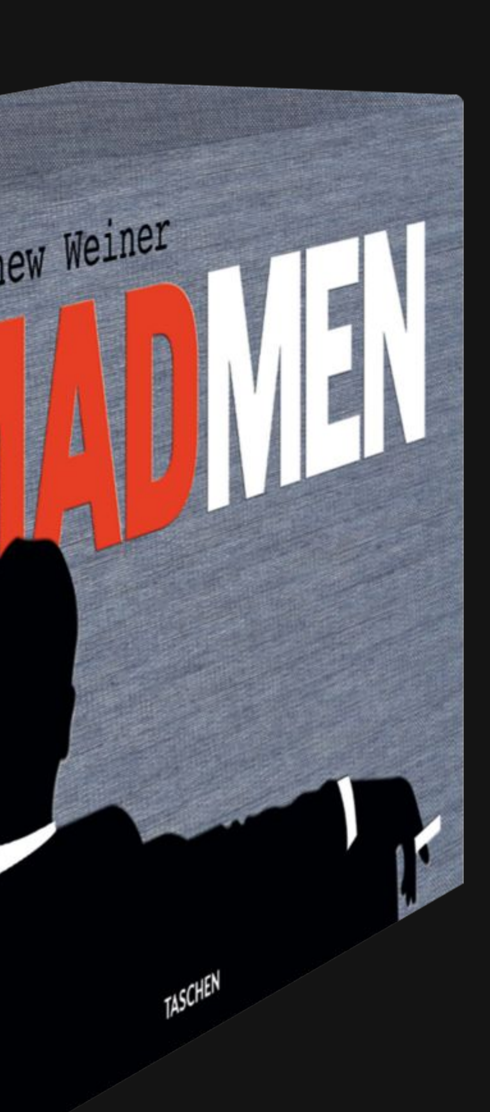
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The sun rises behind the massive 2014 Man,
designed by Andrew Johnstone, and a ring of surrounding “souk” tents.

“If you can’t physically make it to the notoriously wild Burning Man festival, living vicariously through this volume is the next best option.”

—Interviewmagazine.com

ART ABLAZE

Pyrotechnics and pure self-expression in the parched Black Rock Desert





With his feet on scorched clay and his lens on vast and surreal creations, NK Guy presents 16 years of Burning Man art, boiled down to one idealized day in the desert

These rolling cupcakes and muffins at the 2006 Burning Man were powered by electric motors, using solar-charged batteries, and could hit up to 18 mph. Each car is unique, and made as a personal project by its respective owner, in collaboration with fellow muffineers.





Darkly threatening rain clouds above *Pier 2* and the shipwreck of *La Llorona*, the Weeping Woman, a once-impregnable but now derelict Spanish galleon. PIER 2 by Kevan Christiaens, Matt Schultz, and the Pier Group was built for Burning Man 2011, with the galleon LA LLORONA added in 2012.

WELCOME TO BLACK ROCK CITY

Photographer NK Guy introduces the Nevada desert happening that draws 65,000 visitors a year

How would you describe Burning Man to someone who has never been there?
At its simplest, Burning Man is a temporary city of 65,000 inhabitants that springs up, for one week a year, on a vast windswept desert plain in northern Nevada. But that description doesn't do the event justice, since it's a unique and multifaceted creative experience that's different for each participant. For some people it's just an awesome party. For others, a social experiment, a spiritual journey, a space for free personal expression.
Just as the event is a blank canvas for people to express themselves, the desert (also known as a playa) is a blank canvas for

"Art is definitional to the event, from the very first Burning Man figure in 1986 to the massive works that characterize the gathering today."

building and showcasing massive physical art. In fact, it's become the greatest show of interactive, site-specific and temporary art on the planet, and one I've been lucky enough to document over the past 16 years.

What are the integral elements of the event?
Art is absolutely central. There are countless other festivals around the globe, but most trade in music, performance, or religion. Very few are focused on art. And interestingly this means that the cult of celebrity which dominates most festivals ("who's playing the main stage this year?") barely exists on the playa. Art is definitional to the event, from the very first Burning Man figure in 1986 to the massive works that characterize the gathering today.
Community is also essential. The vast desert inspires the creation of enormous installations that you couldn't possibly build or show in a gallery. And that transforms everything, since the scale is too much for a single artist to pull off. Nowhere else do teams of friends and strangers, and occasionally even enemies, gather together to build such vast works of temporary art.
Interactivity is another key component. Burning Man art is meant for you to explore and interact with. It's not just a gallery where you walk in and gaze at small works from a distance. Artists are encouraged to build creations that transform viewers into participants.
Finally, you have the lack of overt commercialism. We live in a society dominated by financial transactions at every level, and there aren't a lot of places outside the home



Right: A group of participants and their friends, rowing nowhere in a small dinghy next to the PIER 2 project in 2012.



and places of worship that you can get away from that. But at Burning Man you can. Aside from ice and coffee, nothing is allowed to be bought or sold on-site. The event promotes what it calls a "gifting economy," where people are encouraged to give

Above: RAISING THE MAN. The most expensive photo in the book, since I had to change my flight to the US twice to get to the build site in time! The Man is normally hoisted headless onto his base; the head added later. But in 2013 the massive saucer made access difficult, so he was lifted fully complete.
Left: MAN BURN. The Man blaze in full swing, transforming his base into a glowing saucer of light. One of the last shots I was able to take from my original spot in the Great Circle, before the heat forced me back. I've found you can usually predict how hot a burn is going to be by the amount of burnable material that extends vertically, as that radiates the heat more to the crowds. A narrow thin tower structure won't get that hot, whereas a tall wall will.



to others freely and without expected obligations. That's a fascinating and refreshing cultural experiment.

What was your own first experience of Burning Man?

My first time was much like many other people's. It was spring 1998, I was looking for a cool weekend stop on a summer road trip, and perhaps for a bit of a party. I'd seen photos of the first desert Burning Man back in 1990 but I wasn't prepared for what a vast bustling city of art and experience I'd encounter. I'd traveled alone from Canada, and since I had no one to share the experience with, I found myself recording the art photographically. That was the germ for what became a 16 year saga that took me to the desert year after year, cameras in hand.

Has any artwork been a particular standout?

That's a really tough one. It's not just a matter of hurting the feelings of all the artists I don't name—it's just impossible to name a single piece that transcends all the others. But I think that the most powerful collective group of works would have to be the temples of Burning Man. Each year a new temple is constructed then burned to the vast desert floor.

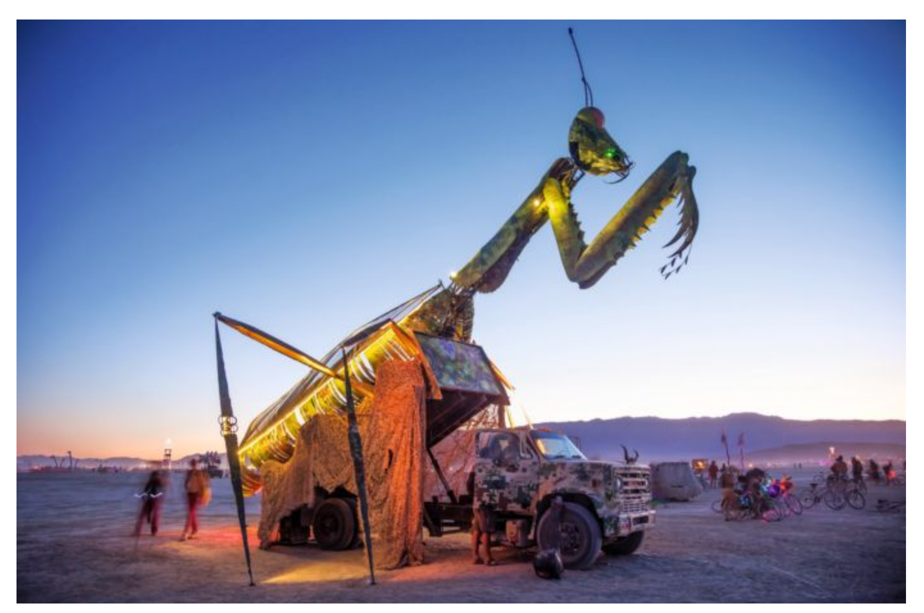
First created by David Best and his team, these temples have become the emotional core of the event in ways that nobody expected. They've become a secular sacred space, where people can gather to grieve and meditate on loss of any kind. By the end of the week, when the temple is finally burned, it's festooned with notes, letters, personal artifacts that allow each participant to add a bit of themselves to the structure. This kind of shared personal experience of grief is not a phenomenon you'd expect at your usual summer festival. David designed many of these temples, but

"The event promotes a 'gifting economy.' That's a fascinating and refreshing cultural experiment."

there has been a rotating cast of artists, designers, and architects who have built many of the others. Each temple is different, often stunningly so, but in a funny sort of way each temple is also the same one, since they all have the same intent and emotional gravity to them.



Like a spacecraft from the pages of 1920s pulp science fiction, the 40 foot RAYGUN GOTHIC ROCKETSHIP by the Five Ton Crane Arts Group, first landed on Earth in Nevada's Black Rock Desert in 2009.



How does your book hope to capture the event?

My Burning Man photography started as a very personal exercise, though it's grown to be more than that. A big part of playa art is its spectacular transience; its temporary magic. Most of the wood sculptures are burned and gone, and even the metal pieces may never be seen again in the context of the vast plain of the desert. It's a truism, but by photographing it all, aspects of the show will live on even in the memories of those who haven't been there.

It's a tough place to work. Not only is the environment harsh, with dust storms whipping out of nowhere at the slightest provocation, but it's also so visually complex and layered. Learning the best way to isolate and compose elements of the scene to tell a story, evoke a sensation, or convey an installation has taken years. Everything is tied in with somebody's story, and that's one of the things I wanted to get across in the book. I wanted the narrative and the photographs to be linked inextricably, and since I created both, I was able to do this.

Finally, when it came to making the book itself, one of the biggest challenges was organization. I have some 65,000 photos, and the best way to condense that down to a single book of 280 pages wasn't obvious. The answer came from a TASCHEN designer—eternal cycles. You'll notice that the book is structured around the time of day. We begin with the warm light of dawn, move to the sweltering heat and dust of day, shift to the cooling of sunset, and finally end with the carnival of night. Conceptually, then, *Art of Burning Man* encapsulates the ultimate moments on the playa. 16 years of Burning Man art, boiled down to one perfect idealized day in the desert.

Above: MANTIS (2010) by Kirk Jellum and Kristen Ulmer. The Mantis is built on a dump-truck chassis, can rear upwards when stationary, and can carry 30 people when flat.
Below: EL PULPO MECANICO (2014) by Duane Flatmo and Jerry Kunkel. El Pulpo is one of the more celebrated art pieces on the playa, assembled from cast-off metal that Duane has gathered over the years. The base vehicle is adorned with scrap aluminum, including parts salvaged from his earlier Crustacean Wagon. The octopus is mainly rusty steel.

Below: THE TEMPLE OF JOY (2002) by David Best and the Temple Crew featured an opening in the upper level that ran the length of the building. A powerful laser was installed in the lighthouse-like Man base with a four-way splitter. The 12:00 beam was carefully aligned to pass through the temple's aperture.

Opposite: EMBRACE (2014) by K. Christiaens, K. Owens, B. Tubman, J. Olivier, M. Schultz, and the Pier Group was some 70 feet tall and had a budget of $250,000. Unusually the burn of this enormous work was held in the early morning, shortly after sunrise, for both artistic and safety reasons. First, it was symbolic of a new dawn and new beginnings. Second, it allayed safety concerns, which fortunately never came to pass, that the thin wood "skin" of the sculpture might blow into the air during the burn and cause injuries in the dark.



"A celebration of Burning Man, but also an explanation for those unacquainted, the book explains the origin of the temple-like artworks that crop up on the playa each year."

—*The Huffington Post*, New York

Art of Burning Man
NK Guy
Hardcover with fold-outs,
26 x 34 cm (10.2 x 13.4 in.), 280 pp.
$ 59.99 / € 39.99 / £ 34.99





Rankin, *Big Magazine* (unpublished), 1998.



Heavenly body

Limited to just 1,000 signed copies, the new Gisele monograph celebrates an astronomical beauty and fashion career. Curated and art-directed by Giovanni Bianco, the artistic tribute features images from such illustrious photographers as Steven Meisel, Mario Testino, and Peter Lindbergh.



Opposite: Paulo Vainer, *Vogue* Brasil, 2015.
Below: Inez & Vinoodh, *V*, 2004.

"A series of eye-popping images of Gisele, the last of the supermodels, the girl from Horizontina, Brazil, who burst onto catwalks and covers just before the turn of the century and became one of the most iconic examples of powerful female pulchritude ever." *—Esquire*



Opposite: Mario Testino, *Vanity Fair*, 2009.
Below: Mario Testino, *Mario de Janeiro Testino*, 2001.





Opposite: Henrique Gendre, *Vogue* Brasil, 2015.
Below: Mert Alas & Marcus Piggott, *Pirelli Calendar*, 2006.



"Fans have never seen her like this... flaunting her figure in all sorts of poses and settings." *—New York Daily News*

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The breathtaking image collection is accompanied by an introduction by Steven Meisel and tributes from Gisele's closest friends, family, and fashion leaders who shed light on how and why she has become one of the greatest models of all time, hailed as "The Body" (Alexander McQueen) and featured on more than 1,000 covers and in approximately 450 fashion shows around the globe.

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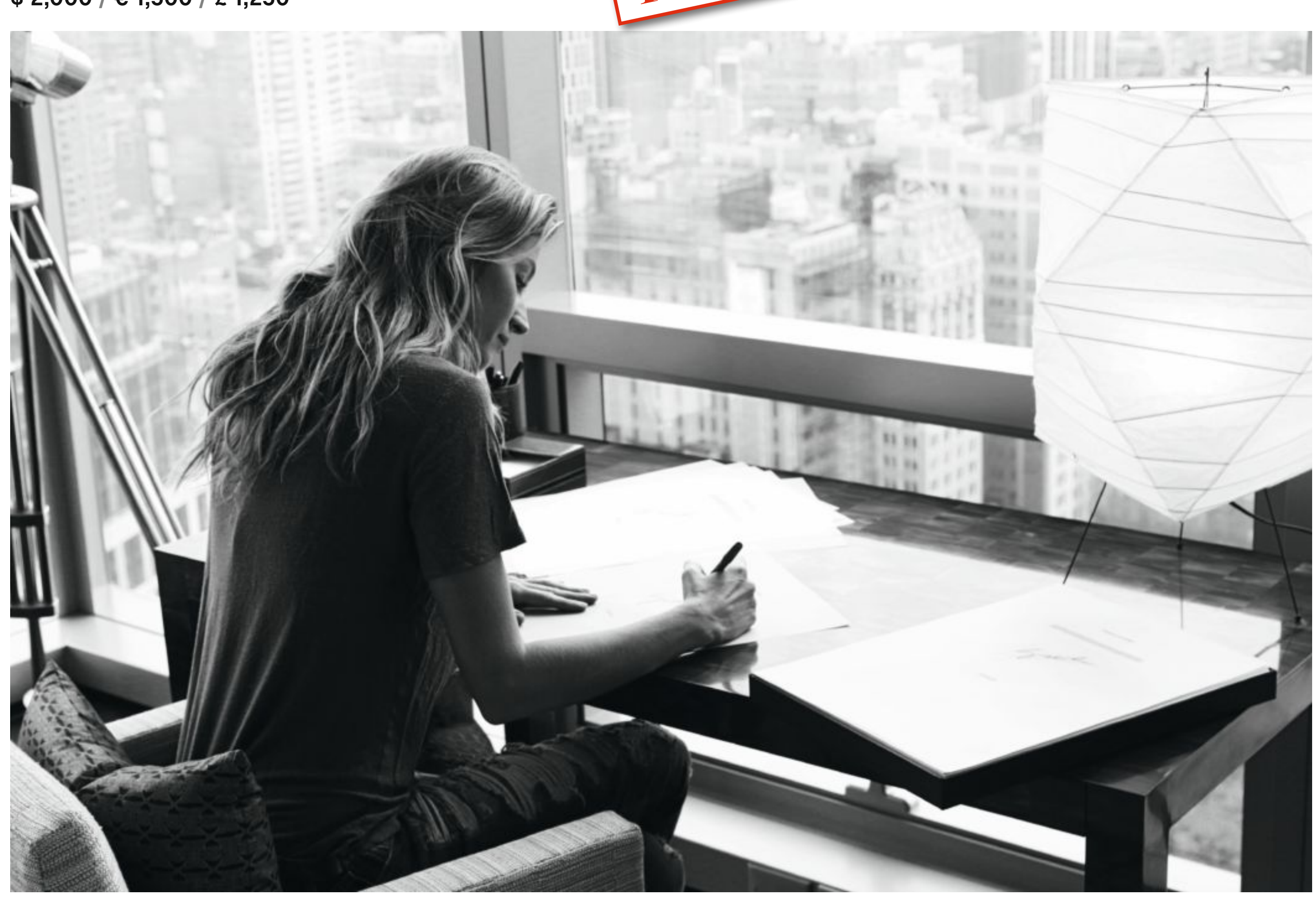
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FEW LEFT

Opposite: Juergen Teller, *W*, 2005. (Art Edition)
Below: Gisele Bündchen autographing the 1,000 signing sheets, New York, 2015 (© Brett Doonan).




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20 years, I have had
the privilege of
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TASCHEN

"A bible of sexy glamour."

—*Vogue*, Paris



On “Big Monday,” January 28, 2013, big-wave tow-surfer Garrett McNamara broke his own Guinness World Record to successfully ride a wave many measured at 100 feet.
Nazaré, Portugal. Photo: Tó Mané.



THE SPORT OF KINGS

More than 200 years of surfing culture



Renny Yater; Santa Barbara, California, 1960.
The boards Yater shaped were sought out by the best surfers of the era, and he was renowned as a boardmaker's boardmaker. Photo: John Severson.

ORIGIN STORY

On the road and behind the scenes of surfing's all-time filmic icon (An unpublished interlude from *Surfing*, by Steve Barilotti)

India, Early December 1963:
Amidst the steamy midday din and curry-scented funk of the Bombay Airport, San Diego surfer Mike Hynson crept up the customs line with the studied indifference of a career gem smuggler. Of course, his blond hair, youth, and California good looks immediately marked Hynson for a shakedown upon deplaning in transit from South Africa. His 10-foot surfboard, shaped by Hynson and decorated with a red white and blue American motif, had been summarily shunted to the Indian customs officials along with the film gear carried by his companions Bruce Brown and Robert August. Behind his opaque Ray Bans and blank façade, Hynson shuffled up to the counter slowly dripping huge drops of pure anxiety.
The reason wasn't the small plastic bag of low-grade Mexican pot or the roll of Benzedrine pills artfully concealed down Hynson's pants. The 21-year-old surfer—who'd enlisted on this round-the-world trip partly as a way of dodging his draft notice—had already transited four African countries with no problem.
But India was different. Back in Durban Hynson had been tipped off by a recently returned South African surfer that Indian customs had been cracking down on foreign journalists, especially professional photographers suspected of taking pictures of religious sites or the grinding poverty that put the Nehru government in a bad light. All cameras were confiscated on departure and released only after deep questioning and paying a bribe. In many cases the film was destroyed.
Beneath Hynson's sweat-drenched aloha shirt were six small flat metal tins taped to his taut surfer abs. Each contained a 50-foot reel of undeveloped surfing footage taken less than a week earlier at a remote South African beach on the Indian Ocean called Cape St. Francis. The latent 16mm color images, captured during a brief but auspicious 90-minute nexus of time, tide, swell, and light gave proof to the joke that god was born a surfer. Burned into the celluloid was a flawless gem of a wave, head-high and spooling off exquisitely against a storybook blue African sky. This was the mythic "Perfect Wave" made cinematic flesh, and in time would launch thousands of global surfing grailquests over the next 50 years.
Hynson, Brown, and August had been traveling fast and hard through Africa on a



Right: Postcard, Mid-Pacific Carnival, 1914.



no-frills around-the-world ticket filming Brown's as-yet-unnamed sixth surf film that posited with enough time and money one could follow the seasons to ride waves in an endless summer. Working with a laughably small budget, Brown and his two surfers were shooting a rushed, cut-rate version of the dream. Thus far the results had been disappointing...mostly small, disjointed waves on par with what they had left behind in Southern California. But the scenery was spectacular, the locals exotic, and the good-natured if clueless culture clashes between three middle-class California surfers and the third world provided mild comic relief between locales.

With less than a week to travel up the Indian Ocean coast to Durban before flying out to Australia, Brown gambled on a tip from Cape Town surfer John Whitmore about a potential world-class wave at Cape St. Francis, a small fishing village midway between Cape Town and Durban. After three days of cramped, uncomfortable driving and meandering down dirt roads in a fruitless surf search, they arrived late at night and booked into some tourist huts in the lee of the cape.

Hynson was up at dawn and spotted what appeared to be a wave breaking a half-mile up the white-sands beach. After haranguing Brown and August out of bed and trekking up the point, the trio encountered not so much a wave as a burning bush. An ethereal fantasy wave—similar in shape and temperament to pristine Malibu on a once-a-year day—but faster, hollower, and miraculously empty. In short, they suffered a vision.

Hynson and August gorged on immaculate groomed waves for a little over an hour with Brown madly filming and changing out reels. Then, as quickly as it had appeared, the tide shifted slightly and erased the break. They were on the road by noon, and three days later bound for Perth via Saudi Arabia, India, Sri Lanka (then Ceylon), and Singapore. But they all knew they held the film's climax and driving narrative. And a hint of something far, far larger. Brown, unwilling to trust the footage to international mails, slept with the reels.

"An ethereal fantasy wave—similar in shape and temperament to pristine Malibu on a once-a-year day—but faster, hollower, and miraculously empty. In short, they suffered a vision."

Back at the airport Hynson approached the dour brown customs official and placed his carry-on bag on the counter. In his periphery he could see Brown and August at the adjoining counter being grilled about the impounded film cameras. Hynson's carry-on bag, filled with surf trunks, wax and shaving cream, was given a cursory rustle and Hynson was waved through to boarding. Maintaining his cool, Hynson exhaled and leisurely strolled toward the departure lounge. He noticed in passing that his surfboard went virtually ignored until picked up by the baggage handlers.

The crew quick-marched through the remaining part of their trip that included stops in Perth, Melbourne, New Zealand's North Island, and Tahiti over the next two months. They never found a wave that came close to Cape St. Francis, but the variety of unique locales bookended the perfect wave nicely.

Brown worked quickly upon return to California, producing a self-narrated 16mm film that neatly parsed the middle distance between hardcore surf movie and travel documentary. *The Endless Summer* premiered at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, in the summer of 1964 and was an immediate hit with California surfers, selling out for seven nights straight.

Bolstered by success, Brown packed his two surf stars in an RV and relentlessly toured the film on three coasts and across the US, where August and Brown would drum up a crowd by skateboarding outside the theater. By summer of 1966, the film—now blown up to 35mm with heavyweight distribution— had caught fire with a huge

Above: Tourist brochure, 1922. The dramatic wedge-shaped outline of Diamond Head quickly became a visual shorthand for "paradise." **Below:** Advertisement, Dewey Weber Surfboards, 1967 (detail). As the surf industry matured it began to take cues from cutting-edge advertising agencies for a more sophisticated Pop Art approach to marketing and in this case offering off-the-rack customizing similar to buying a new car from the factory.





Wende Wagner and Tom Carlin, Hawaii, 1957.

Director Billy Wilder spotted Wagner while she was swimming near the Coronado, California set of *Some Like It Hot* in 1958. Struck by her exotic good looks, he offered Wagner a screen test, but her parents forbade it until she finished high school. She went on to become an international fashion model, movie actress, and underwater stuntwomen. Photo: Bev Morgan courtesy of Surfing Heritage.



Outer Reef, North Shore, Hawaii, 2008.
Photo: Ed Freeman.

mainstream non-surfing audience and critics alike who lauded Brown as "The Fellini of Foam." It went on to gross an estimated $30 million.

Hype aside, the connective tissue between *The Endless Summer*, surf culture and postwar global culture runs deep and profound. Consider the film's now-iconic poster, designed in eye-dazzling op art by then 22-year-old graphic designer and surfer John Van Hamersveld. That single image of three silhouetted surfers against a DayGlo sunset has been borrowed, lifted, lauded, lampooned, and outright ripped off in countless iterations and was recently inducted into the Smithsonian Institution along with the film. The languid signature *Endless Summer* theme has drilled deep into the global psyche as the hypnotic siren call to pure barefoot adventure.

When viewed from a 30,000-foot remove, the pop-surf-culture matrix surrounding the film extends into some surprising corners. Van Hamersveld, a one-time art director for *Surfer Magazine*, went on to design album covers and posters for the Beatles and Rolling Stones. His young colleague Rick Griffin, *Surfer*'s staff cartoonist since age 16, gained international fame a few years later as one of The Big Five of San Francisco psychedelic poster art as well as the first artist asked into Robert Crumb's legendary ZAP Comix. Mike Salisbury, another teenaged *Surfer* illustrator, is a leading brand designer with A-List clients ranging from Levi's to Disney to the films of Steven Spielberg.

A less visible but far-reaching epilogue involves Hynson who became a celebrated rock star of a surfer-shaper following his performance in *The Endless Summer*. He enlisted as a charter member of the infamous Brotherhood Of Eternal Love (aka "the Hippie Mafia"), smuggled hash oil from India in hollow surfboards, revolutionized modern shortboard design, and eventually co-starred in the underground classic Rainbow Bridge with Jimi Hendrix. He gained Richard Nixon's enmity in the film by toking up a large bowl of hashish under a poster of the pre-Watergate Nixon that read "Would you buy a used car from this man?" Pursued by the DEA and his own demons, Hynson went underground for the next 20 years. But 50 years after that morning at Cape St. Francis, a sober but still stylishly cocky Hynson was lauded in Washington DC as one of surfing's elders and living treasures. But for surfers *The Endless Summer* goes much deeper. The film represents surfing's first and best face and one of its core origin stories. It's the quest that created an archetype that spawned a legitimate culture and a multi-billion-dollar global lifestyle industry.



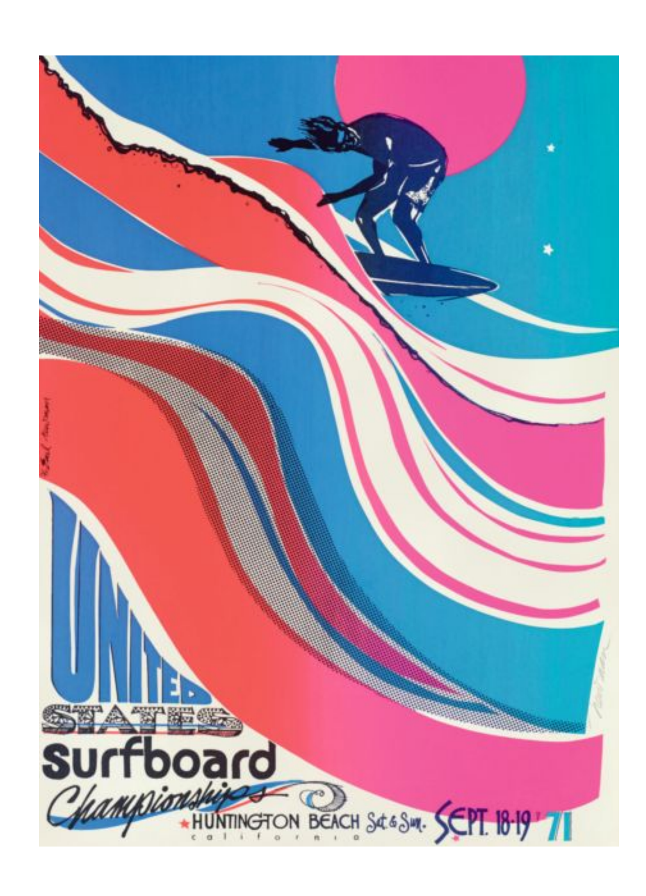
Above: Poster, 1966. And then, into this increasingly insane world, dropped a beacon of sanity and escape. Bruce Brown's *The Endless Summer* opened in June of 1966, and was to be his—and surfing's—cinematic magnum opus. **Below:** David Nuuhiwa and John Gale, Laguna Canyon, California, 1971. Nuuhiwa, together with fellow surfers Mike Hynson, Herbie Fletcher, Les Potts, and Barry Kanaiaupuni, appeared in the Brotherhood-financed film *Rainbow Bridge*, which featured a guest appearance by Jimi Hendrix shortly before his death (Jeff Divine).



San Onofre, California, 1963.
Photo: LeRoy Grannis.

"The connective tissue between surf culture and post-war global culture runs deep and profound."

Right: Poster, U.S. Surfing Championship, 1971–72. Art: Earl Newman.
Below: Magazine interior, *Surfer*, 1970. Within five years, surfing's public face—and mind—had transformed radically.
Opposite: Waimea Bay, Hawaii, 1966. Photo: LeRoy Grannis.



"In this crowded world, the surfer can still seek and find the perfect day, the perfect wave, and be alone with the surf and his thoughts."
— John Severson

SMILING PHASES

Now change in the ocean,
change in the deep blue sea;
Take me back, baby,
You'll find some change in me.
Everybody, they oughta
change sometime.
Because it's sooner or later,
we have to go down in that old
lonesome ground.

EVERYBODY OUGHTA MAKE A CHANGE
—SLEEPY JOHN ESTES
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1938

DAVID NUUHIWA
MIKE DOYLE
JACKIE BAXTER
ROLF AURNESS
MIKE HYNSON
MICKEY MUNOZ
DRU HARRISON
DEWEY WEBER
NAT YOUNG
MIDGET FARRELLY
CORKY CARROLL
MARK MARTINSON



Frame not included

The perfect wave

This platinum publication offers the most comprehensive visual history to-date on all things surfing. With more than 900 images and essays by today's leading surf journalists, it spans photography, fashion, film, art, and music to chart the evolution of surfing culture from its first mention in 1778 to today's global and multi-platform phenomenon.

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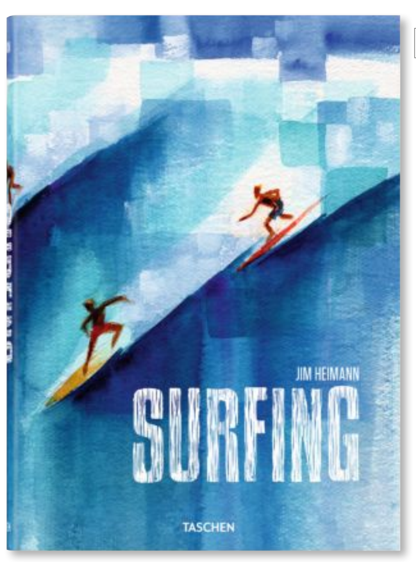
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Surfing. 1778–2015
Jim Heimann (Ed.)
Hardcover, clothbound with 3 fold-outs and ribbon bookmark, 29 x 39.5 cm (11.4 x 15.6 in.), 592 pp.
$ 200 / € 150 / £ 135
Publication January 2016



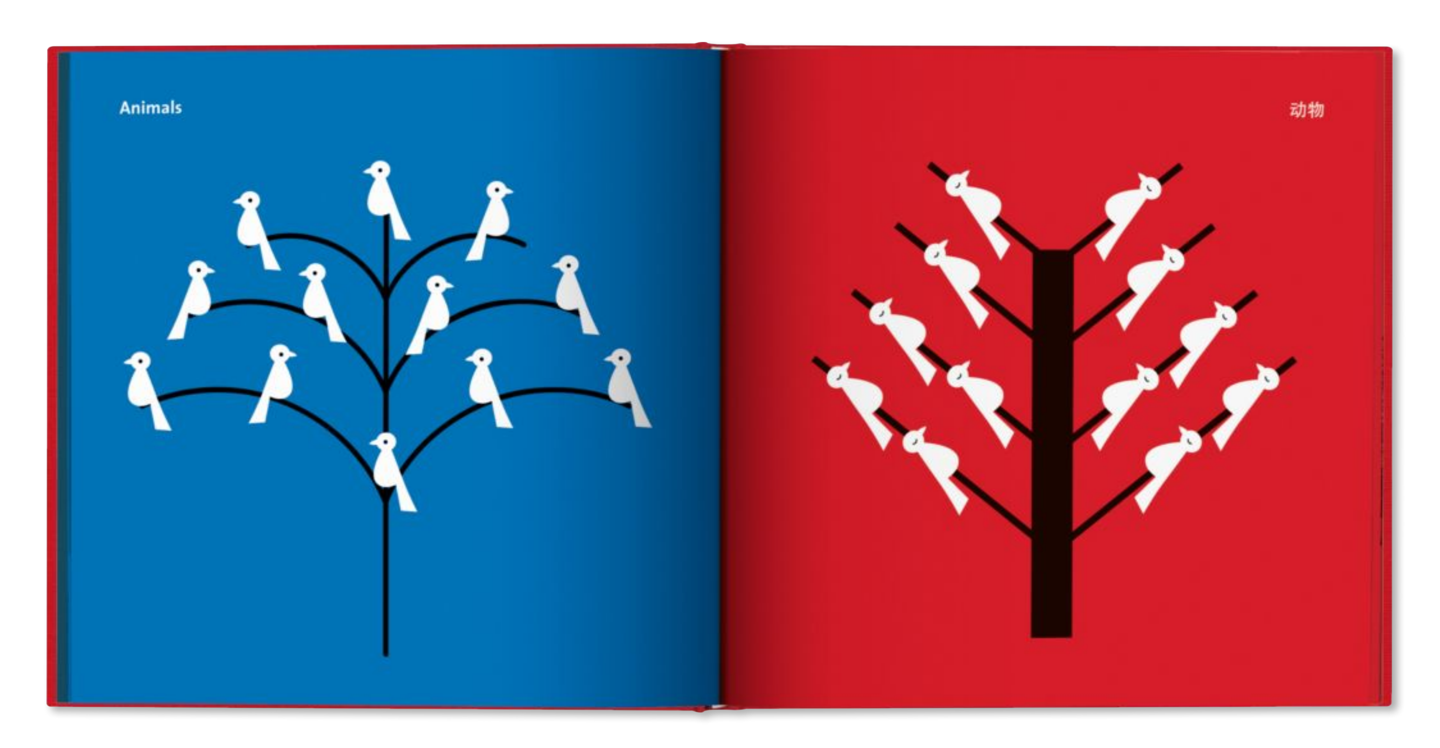


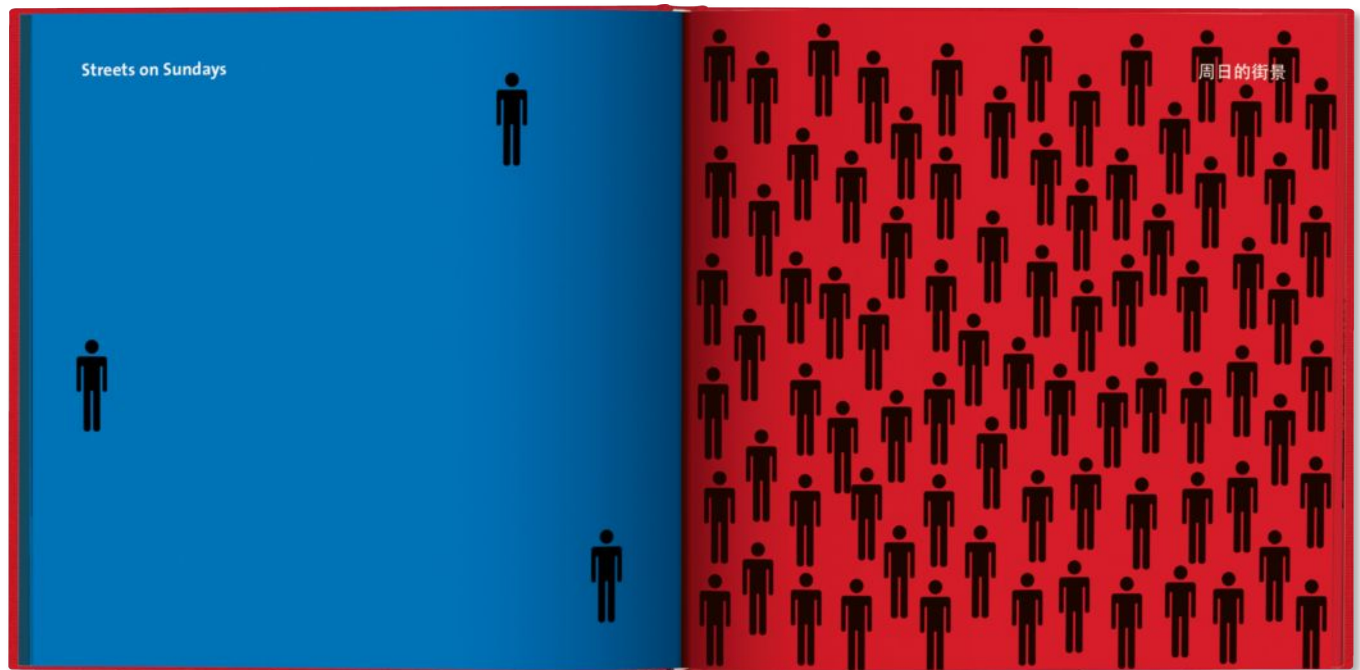
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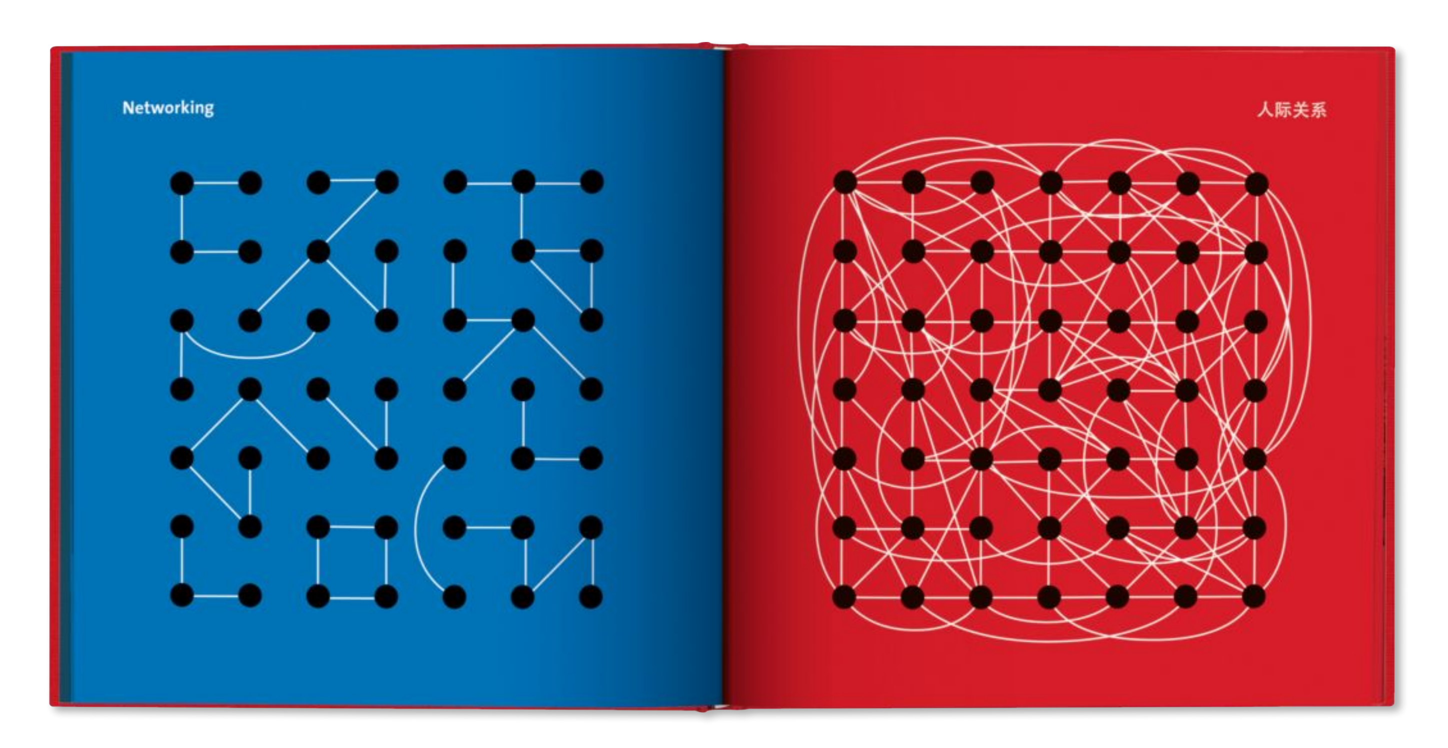
Mickey Muñoz and Tina Trunick, Dana Point, California, 1964. Photo: Don Trunick.

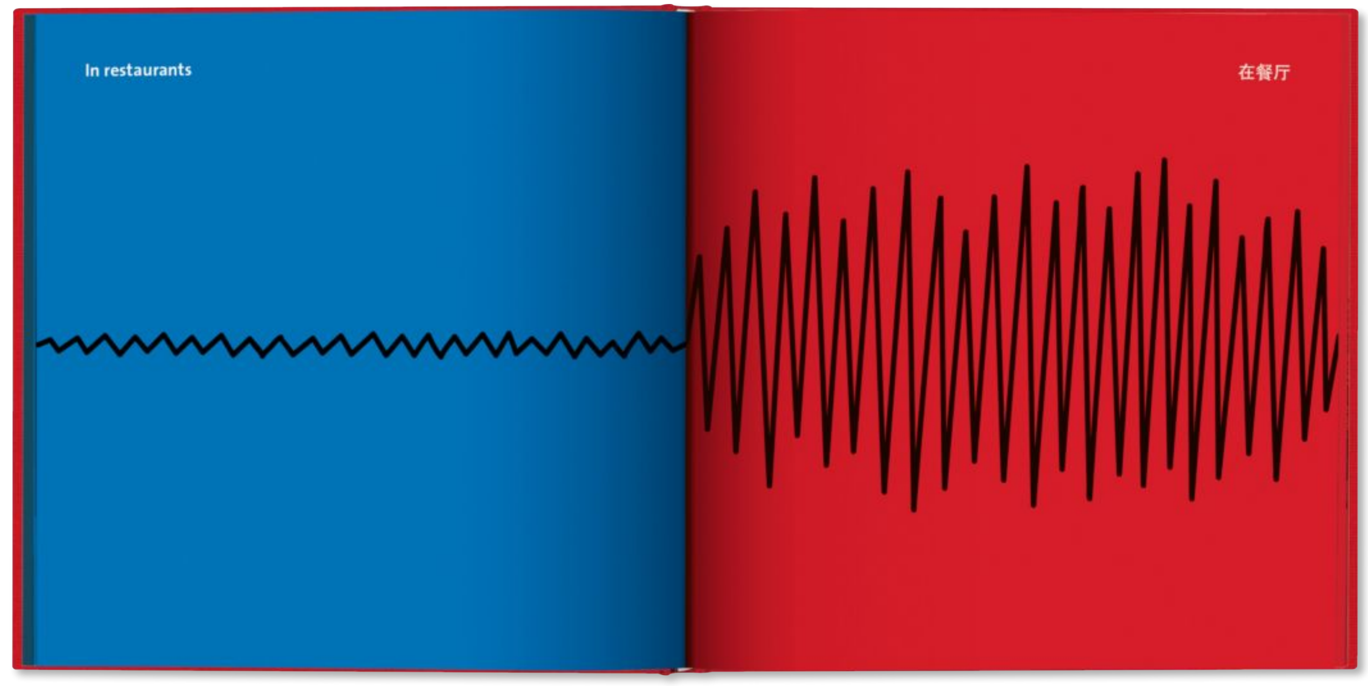




Cultured conversation

From sleeping patterns to the role of senior citizens, Yang Liu's East/West panorama explores life on opposite sides of the globe





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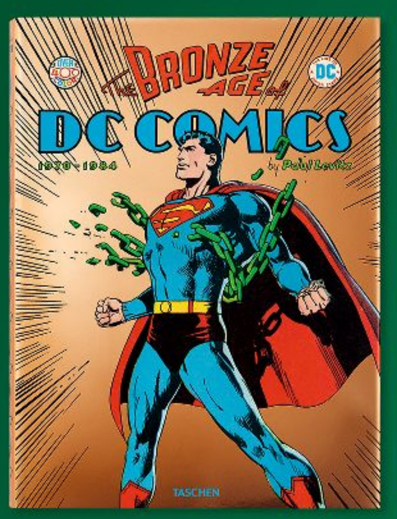
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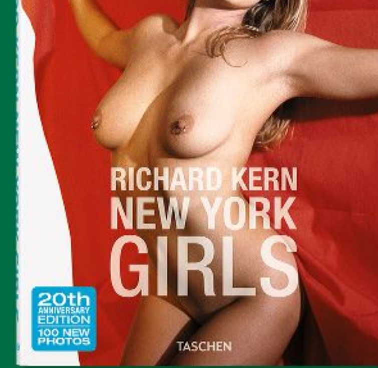





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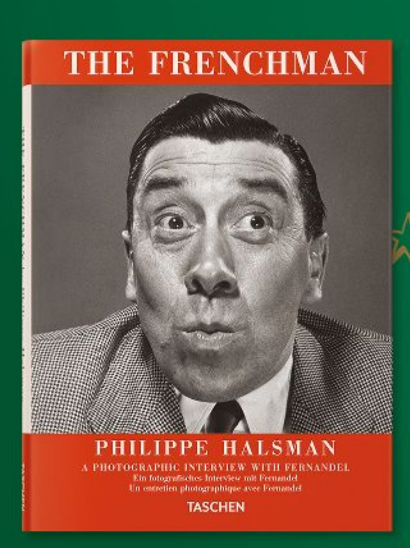


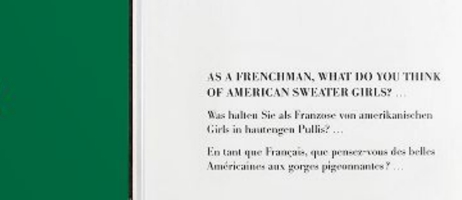


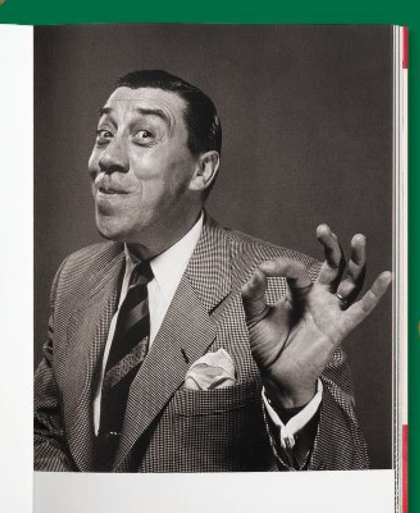
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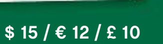




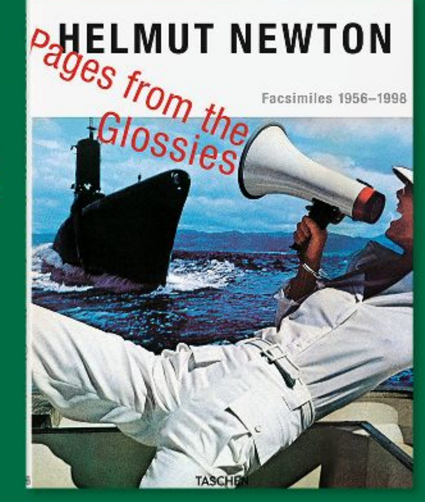




Philippe Halsman. The Frenchman

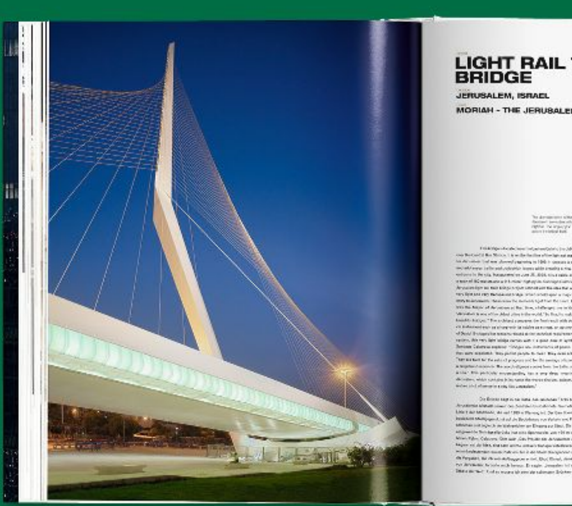

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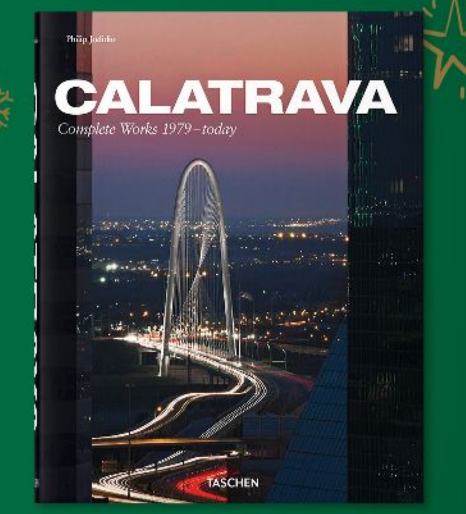





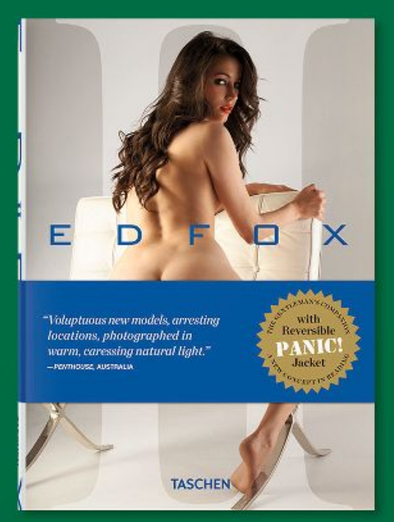
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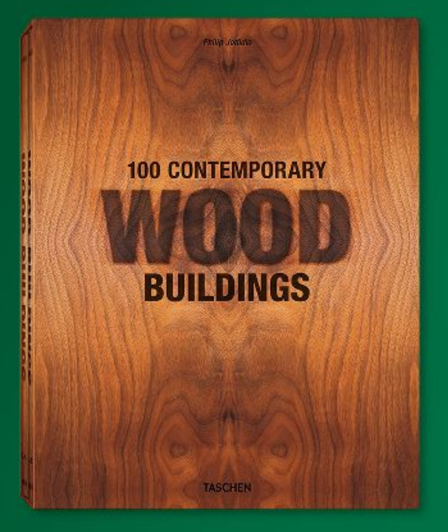



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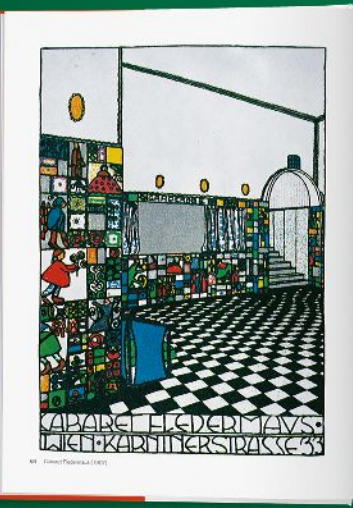






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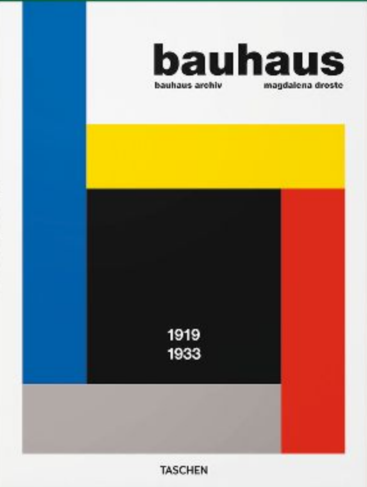




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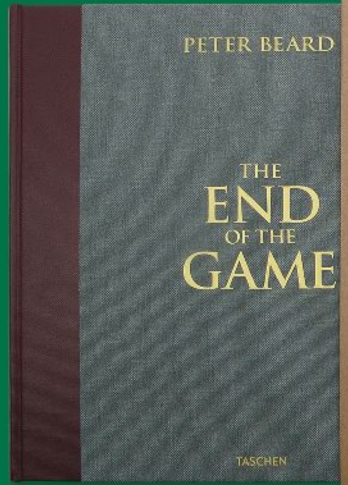
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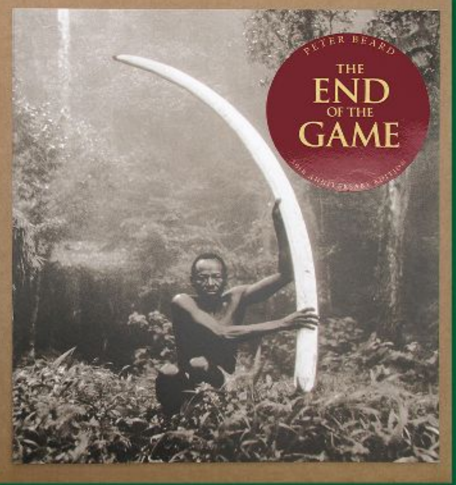
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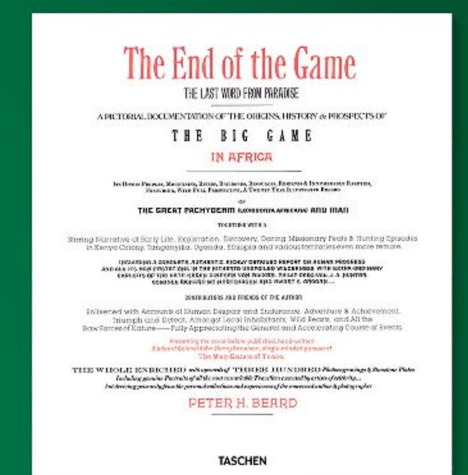










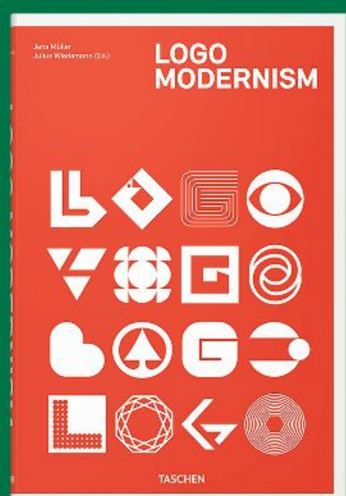
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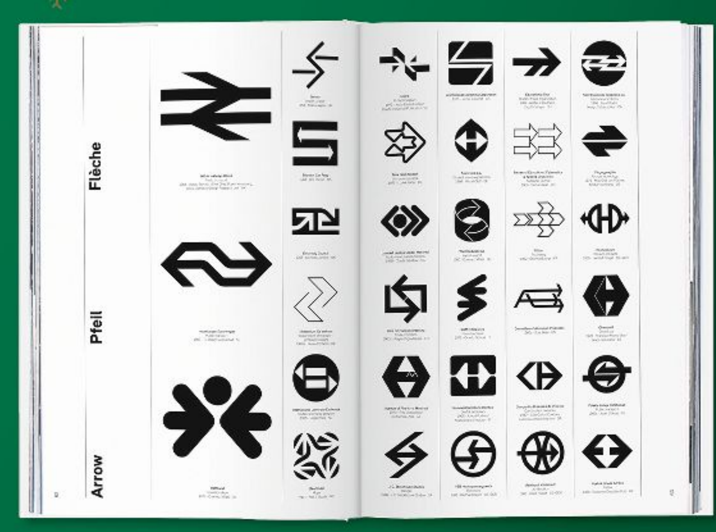
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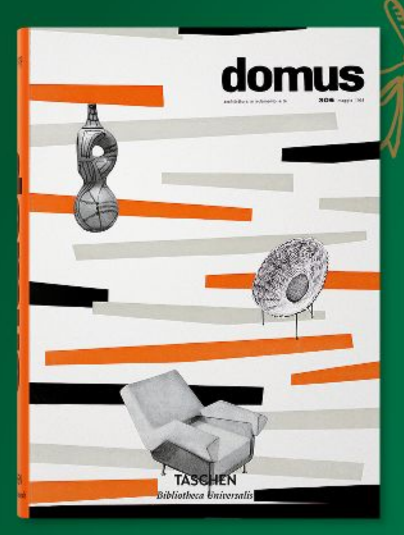


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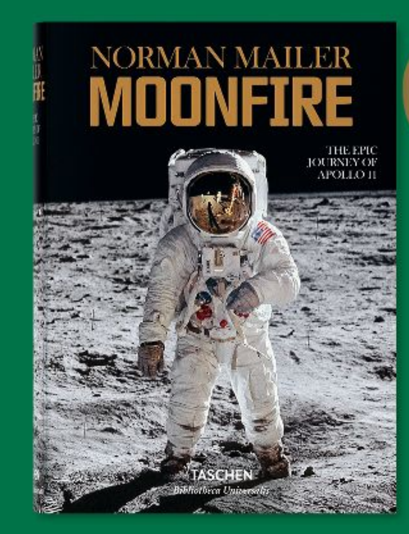
Introduction
COLUM McCANN

The aim of good writing is to briefly put the handcuffs on history. To arrest time. Stop movement. Clamp down memory. Put a headlock on life, if even just for a moment or two. And then — when life is still, caught, held — the handcuffs are swallowed, and the words are put together in an attempt to recreate life out of stillness, to make the silence breathe, to give an edge to the violence, or the beauty, so that years later, when a stranger comes along, he or she can step back into another time and have it come fiercely alive. This is the privilege of fiction. We become alive in a body, a time, a feeling, a culture that is not our own. We step into a new space. We adventure in the skin trade. We make new words: We become Mailers.

Mailer was the ultimate skin-trader. He wanted to be Norman, or Norman Kingsley at a stretch, but really, truly, honestly, he wanted to be everyone else. Gilmore. Marilyn. Miller. Ali. Eisenhower. Armstrong. Hemingway. Kennedy. He wanted to step from his body into a symphony of imagined bodies. Cummings. McLeod. Esposito. Rojack. Montague. Menenhetet. He took them on, warts and all, and then he slipped out of their skins and away. He was making layers of himself. At the heart of it was a selfishness to live as many lives as possible, coupled with the deepest possible empathy for others. He kept slipping into new times, and geographies, losing himself there. The only things worth doing were the things that might break his heart. Oswald. Picasso. Hitler. Even Jesus. The natural extension of the list is, in fact, that Norman

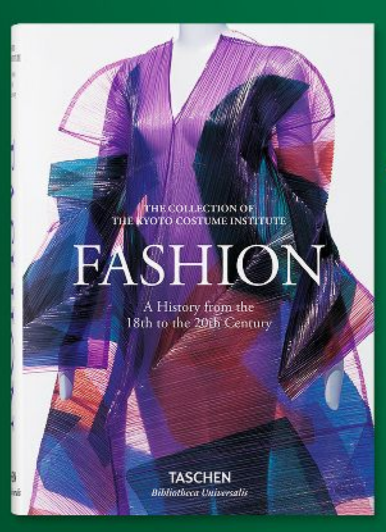
Opposite: The Prime Crew of Apollo 11 on April 15, 1969, posed around a six-foot model that mapped every major crater and mountain known to date. Left to right: Lunar Module Pilot Buzz Aldrin, Command Module Pilot Michael Collins, and Mission Commander Neil Armstrong. Photo, Ralph Morse.

8



Norman Mailer. Moonfire. The Epic Journey of Apollo 11







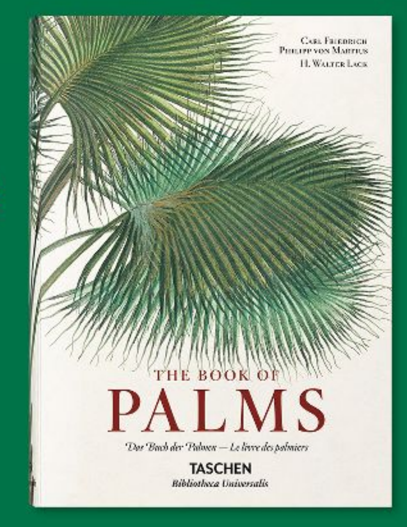




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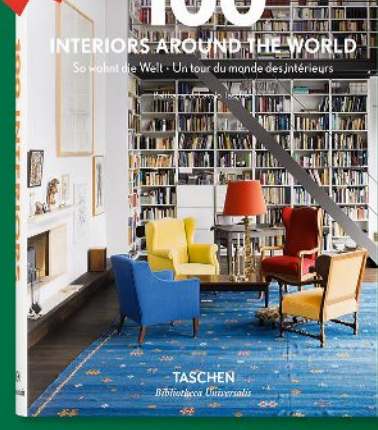
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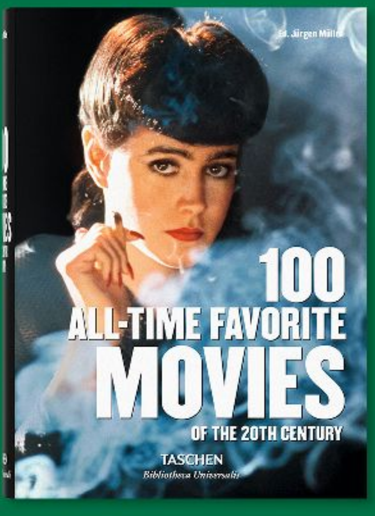
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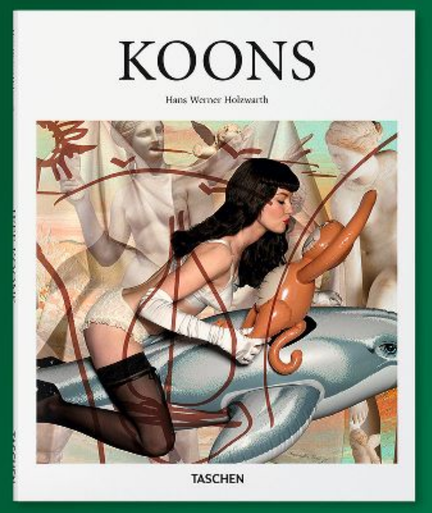
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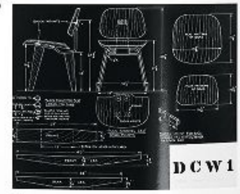
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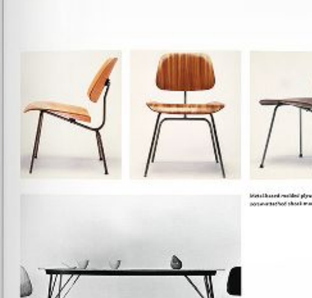
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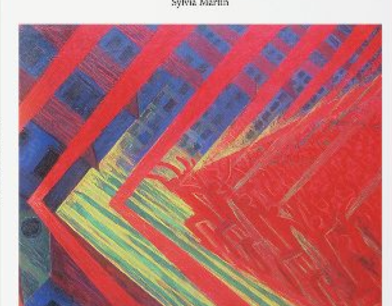
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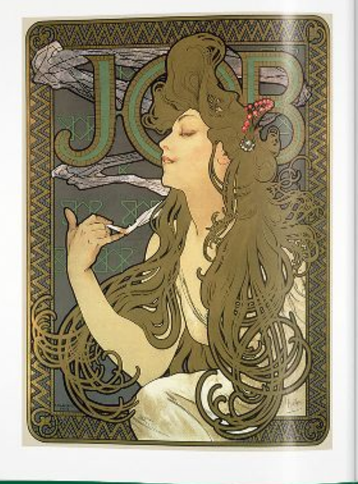
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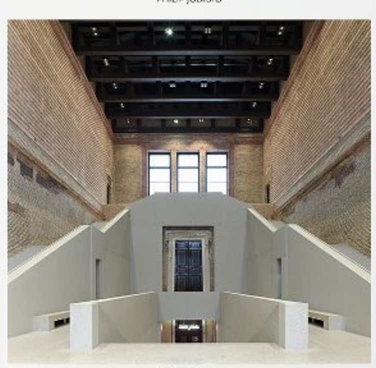
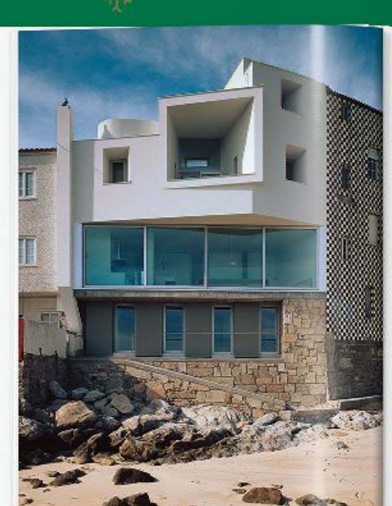
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David Chipperfield





Photo: Mark Seelen

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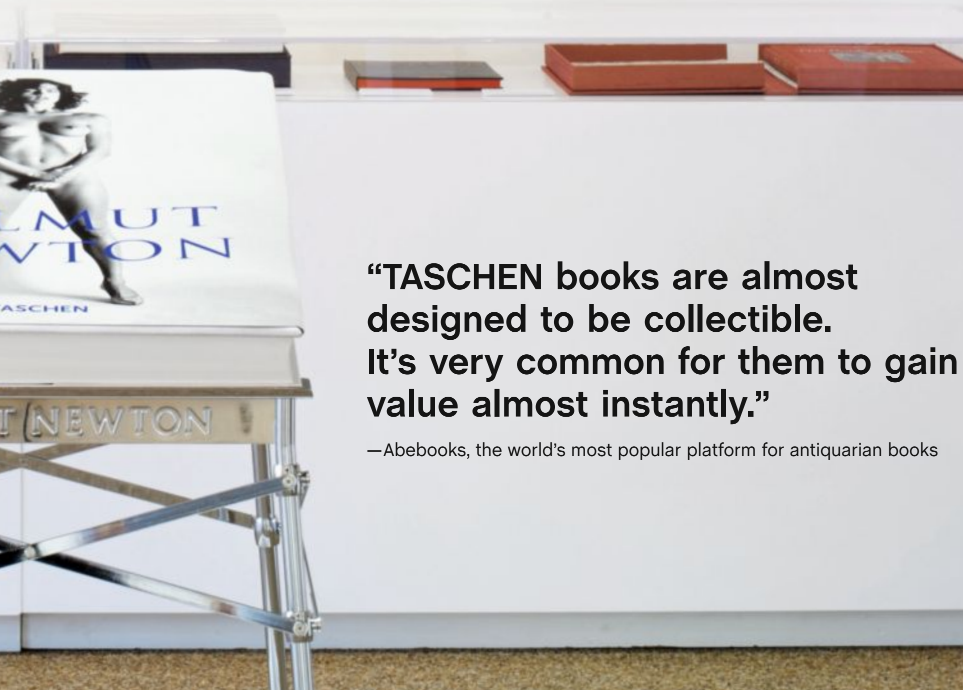
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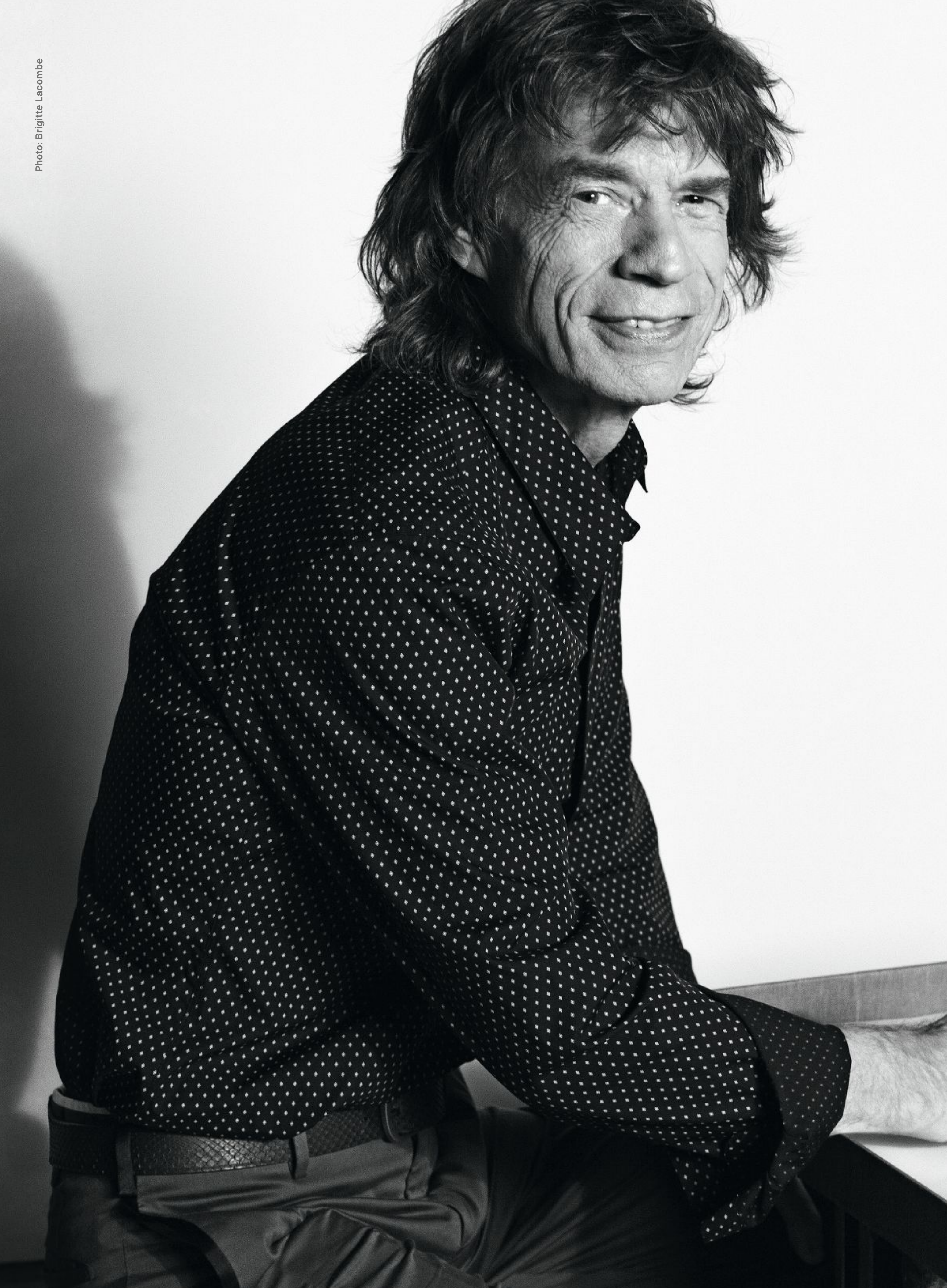






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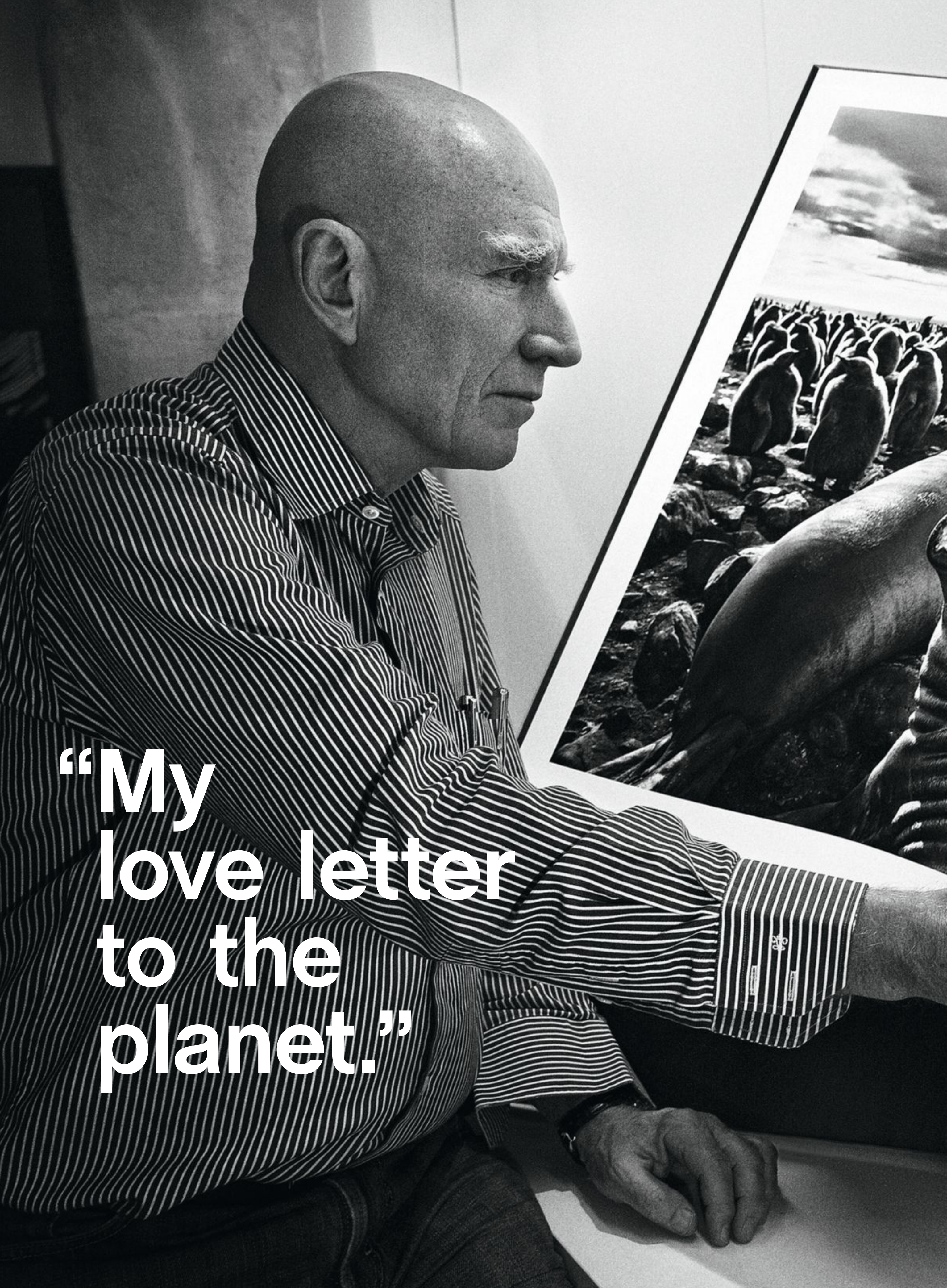
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—Allen Jones


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Vogue, Italy, September 1996

Gelatin silver print, **signed by Paolo Roversi**, 31.5 x 44 cm (12.4 x 17.3 in.) paper size.

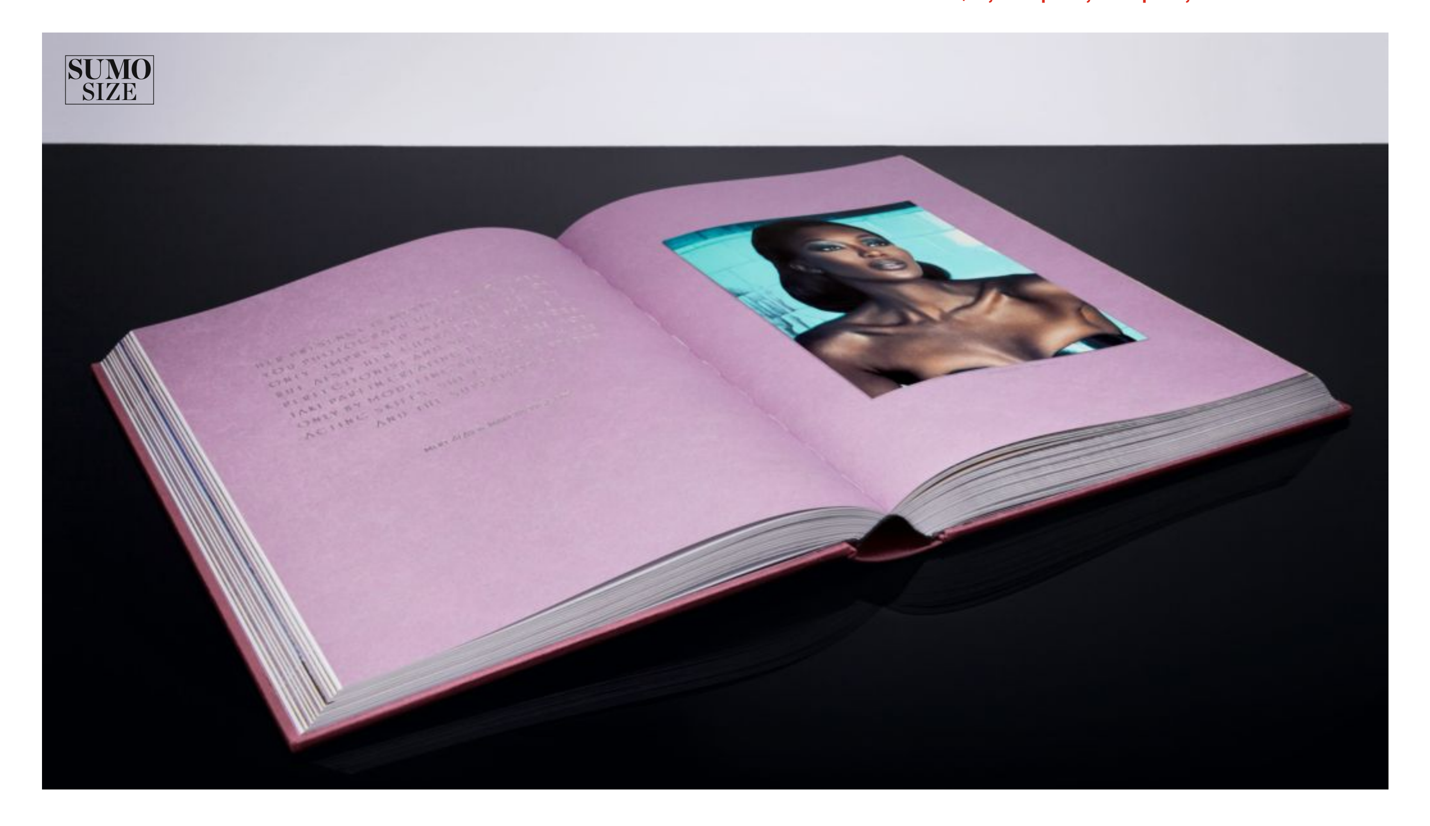
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